POETICAL FRAGMENTS:

Heart-Imployment WITH GOD and IT SELF.

THE

Concordant Discord of a Broken-healed Heart.

Sorrowing-rejoycing, fearing-hoping, dying-living.

Written

Partly for himself, and partly for near Friends in Sickness, and other deep Affliction.

By *RICHARD BAXTER.*

Ephes. 5. 19. *Speaking to your selves in Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in your hearts to the Lord.*

2 Corinth. 5. 4. *For we that are in this Tabernacle do GROAN, being burdened.*

Læta ferè lætus cecini: Cano tristia tristis.

Published for the use of the Afflicted.

LONDON, Printed by *T. Snowden* for *B. Simmons* at the 3 *Golden Cocks* at the West end of St. *Pauls.* 1681.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Reader,

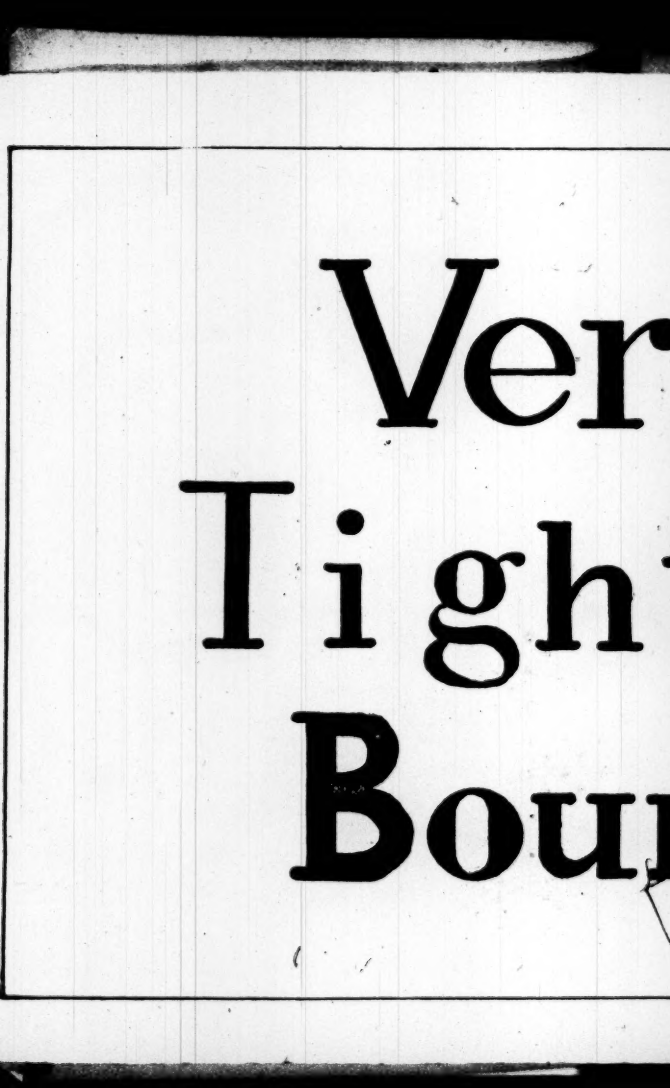
THese Poetical Fragments, (except Three heretofore Printed) were so far from being intended for the ress, that they were not allowed the ght of many Private Friends, nor ought worthy of it: Only had ad time and heart to have finished

the first (which it self according to the Matter and designed Method, would have made a Volume far bigger than all this, being intended as a thankful, Historical Commemoration of all the notable passages of my Life,) I should have published it as the most self-pleasing part of my Writings. But as they were mostly written in various Passions, so Passion hath now thrust them out into the World. God having taken away the Dear Companion of the last Nineteen Years of my Life, as her sorrows and sufferings long ago gave Being to some of these Poems (for reasons which the World is not concerned to know) so my grief for her Removal, and the Revived Sense of former things, have prevailed with me to be passionate in the open sight of all.

I confess that Passion is oft such a hinderance of Judgment, that a man should be very suspicious of himself till it be laid: But I am assured

red that God made it not in vain; and that Reason is a sleepy half-useless thing, till some Passion excite it; and Learning to a man asleep is no better for that time than Ignorance. And God usually beginneth the awakening of Reason, and the conversion of Sinners, by the awakening of their useful Passions, their Fear, their Grief, Repentance, Desire, &c. I confess, when God awakeneth in me those Passions which I account rational and holy, I am so far from condemning them, that I think I was half a Fool before, and have small comfort in sleepy Reason. Lay by all the passionate part of Love and Joy, and it will be hard to have any pleasant thoughts of Heaven.

In short, I am an Adversary to their Philosophy, that vilifie Sense, because it is in Brutes, and am past doubt that the noble spirits of Sensitives are debased ignorantly, by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pretending Wits, that know not what they say or glory in. And humane Souls are not less sensitive for being rational, but are eminently sensitive: Yea, Reason hath in it more of eminent internal Sensation, than those men think that debase Sense. The Scripture, that saith of God, That he is *Life* and *Light*, saith also, That he is *Love*, and *Love* is Complacence, and Complacence is Joy; and to say *God is Infinite, Essential Love* and *Joy*, is a better notion, than with *Cartesians* and *Coceians*, to say that *God* and *Angels*, and *Spirits*, are but a Thought, or an *Idea*. What is Heaven to us if there be no Love and Joy?

I will do my wise Friends, whose Counsel I have much followed, that Right as to acquit them from all the guilt of the Publication of these Fragments. Some of them say, that *such Work is below me*; and those that I think speak wiselier say, *I*

am

n below such Work. These I unignedly believe. I have long ought, that a *Painter*, a *Musician* nd a *Poet*, are contemptible, if ney be not Excellent: And that am not Excellent, I am satisfied: ut I am more patient of contempt han many are. Common Painters erve for poor men's work: And Fidler may serve at a Country-Wedding: Such cannot aspire to he Attainments of the higher sort: And the Vulgar are the greater number. Dr. *Stillingfleet* saith, *I eldom follow my Friend's Advice:* n this I justifie him: Though in other things my Advisers contradict him.

I know that natural temper maketh Poetry savour to several Wise and Learned men, as differently as Meats do to various Appetites. I know such Learned discreet men, that know not what a Tune is, nor can difference one from another.

I

I wonder at them, and oft doubt whether it be an *Accident* or an *Integral* of Humanity which they want. *Annatus* the Jesuit in his Answer to Dr. *Twisse De Scientia Media* commends his Poetry (for a Poem added in the end) in scorn, as if it were a disgrace to a School-Divine. I take one sign of an Acumen of Wit to make it likely that the man hath the same Wit for other work.

For my self, I confess that Harmony and Melody are the pleasure and elevation of my Soul, and have made a Psalm of Praise in the holy Assembly the chief delightful Exercise of my Religion and my Life; and hath helped to bear down all the Objections which I have heard against Church-Musick, and against the 149, 150 *Psalms*. It was not the least comfort that I had in the converse of my late Dear Wife, that our first in the morning, and last in Bed

at

night was a Psalm of Praise (till the hearing of others interrupted it.) Let those that savour not Melody, leave others to their different Appetites, and be content to be so far strangers to their delights.

These Times have produced many Excellent Poets: Among whom for strength of Wit, Dr. *Abraham Cooley* justly bears the Bell. I much value Mr. *Woodford*'s Paraphrase on the Psalms, though his Genius (or somewhat else) expound some Psalms, so as the next Age will confute. A Woman's Poems, the Lady *Katherine Philip*'s are far above contetmp. But that is best to me which is most holy.

I have known good men that were skilled in Musick, and much delighted in it, and yet had a conceit that it was unlawful in a Psalm, or holy Exercise: I so much differed from them, that I scarce cared for it any where else; and if it might not be holily

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holily uſed, it ſhould never have been uſed for me.

Honeſt *George Withers*, though a Ruſtick Poet, hath been very acceptable as to ſome for his Prophecies, ſo to others for his plain Country-honeſty: The Vulgar were the more pleaſed with him for being ſo little Courtly as to ſay,

"If I ſhould have been hung, I knew not how
"To teach my Body how to cringe and bow,

"And to embrace a fellow's hinder quarters,
"As if I meant to ſteal away his Garters.

"When any bow'd to me with Congees trim,
"All I could do, was ſtand and laugh at him.

"Bleſs me thought I, what will this coxcomb do?
"When I perceiv'd one reaching at my ſhoe.

Quarles yet out-went him, mixing competent Wit with Piety (eſpecially in his Poem againſt *Reſt on Earth.*)

Silveſter on *Du Bartas* ſeems to me

ne to out-go them both.

Sir *Fulk Grevil*, Lord *Brook* (a nan of great note in his Age) hath Poem lately Printed for Subjects Liberty, which I greatly wonder his Age would bear. There are no Books that have been Printed these twenty Years, that I more wonder at (that ever they were endured) han *Richard Hookers* eight Books of Ecclesiastick Policy, dedicated by Bishop *Gauden* to our present King, and vindicated by him; and these Poems of Sir *Fulk Grevill* Lord *Brook*. *Davie's Nosce Teipsum* is an Excellent Poem in opening the nature, Faculties, and certain Immortality of Man's Soul. But I must confess, after all that next the Scripture Poems, there are none so savoury to me, as Mr. *George Herbert's*, and Mr. *George Sandys's*. I know that *Cooly* and others far excel *Herbert* in Wit and accurate composure. But (as *Seneca* takes with me above all his Contemporaries, because he

he ſpeaketh *Things* by *words*, *feeling* and *ſeriouſly*, like a man that is p jeſt, ſo) *Herbert* ſpeaks *to God* like that *really believeth a God*, and who buſineſs in the world is moſt *with* G *Heart-work* and *Heaven-work* make his Books. And *Du Bartas* is ſeriouſ Divine. And *George Sandy's*

Omne tulit punctum, dum miſcuit utile dulci

His Scripture Poems are an elegan and excellent Paraphraſe: But eſpe tially his *Job*, whom he hath reſtor to the original glory. O that he h turned the *Pſalms* into Metre fit to the uſual Tunes! It did me goo when Mrs. *Wyat* invited me to *Boxley* Abby in *Kent*; to ſee upon th old Stone Wall in the Garden a Sum mer-houſe with this inſcription great golden Letters, that *In that pla Mr.* G. Sandys *after his Travels ov the World, retired himſelf for his P try and Contemplations.* And none fitter to retire to God then ſuch as tired with ſeeing all the vanities Earth.

Sur

Sure there is ſomewhat of Heaven
Holy Poetry. It charmeth Souls into
ving Harmony and Concord: We
ve two Brothers in this City, of
om one hath written a Book called
friendly debate, to make thoſe ſeem
ious or contemptible who were a-
inſt his way: It had too much ſuc-
ſs, and ſo far deſtroyed Love and
ncord, as will not eaſily be recove-
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ke of the *Charter-houſe*) hath with
ous skill and ſerioufneſs turned into
ew Metre many of *David's Pſalms*;
d the advantage for holy affections
d harmony, hath ſo far reconciled
e Non-Conformiſts, that divers of
em uſe his Pſalms in their Congre-
tions, though they have the old
es, *Rouſes*, Biſhop *Kings*, Mr. *Whites*,
e *New Englands*, *Daviſons*, the *Scots*
agreed on by two Nations) in
mpetition with it. But I digreſs too
r.

All that I have to ſay for theſe Frag-
ments

ments is, 1. That being fitted to W
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greatest number, they may be useful t
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Heaven.* Amen.

London, At the Door of Eternity.

Rich. Baxter Aug. 7. 1681.

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LOVE
Breathing
THANKS and PRAISE.

The First Part.

ETernal God, this Worm lifts up the head,
And looks to Thee, by Thee encouraged.
Cheer'd by thy Bounty, it would speak thy praise,
Whose wondrous Love hath measur'd all my daies:
If thou vouchsafe to make a Worm rejoyce,
Give him a thankful praising heart and voice.
Thy shining Glory blessed Angels see:
Angels must sing thy Highest praise, not we:
But if thy warming beams cause Worms to speak,
Their baser part will not the Consort break.

ments is, 1. That being fitted to Women, and vulgar wits, which are the far greatest number, they may be useful to such, though contemptible to those of higher elevation & expectation. 2. And being suited to afflicted, sick, dying, troubled, sad and doubting persons, the number of such is so great in these calamitous times, as may render them useful to more than I desire. 3. And if my present grief may but excuse the Publication, he that needeth them not may let them alone.

Some of them need an Exposition, which I must not give the world. I have added two or three Printed heretofore, that they may be altogether. *The Lord by his merciful providence and his Grace, tune up our dull and drooping Souls to such joyful praises, as may prepare us for his everlasting praise in Heaven.* Amen.

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Thy ſhining Glory bleſſed Angels ſee:
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But if thy warming beams cauſe Worms to ſpeak,
Their baſer part will not the Conſort break.

When Time was yet no measure; when the Sun
Its rapid motion had not yet begun;
When Heav'n, & Earth,& Sea,were yet unfram'd,
Angels and Men, and all things else unnam'd;
When there did nothing else exist but Thee,
Thou wast the same, and still the same wilt be:
When there was none to know or praise thy Name,
Thou wast in perfect Blessedness the same.
The Father, Word and Spirit, One in Three,
Trinity doth with Unity agree.
Th'Eternal Life, that quickens all that lives;
The soul of souls; the Light which all Light gives
Immense and boundless, present every where:
Beyond all place and creatures, thou art there,
Uncomprehended, comprehending all:
Foreknowing whatsoever shall befall.
Uncaus'd, thou causest all that hath a Being:
Unknown,thou know'st; unseen,thou art all-seeing.
Though necessary, yet without constraint;
Unmov'd, yet moving all, dost never faint.
All things depend on Thee; and Thou on none;
And changing all things, art unchang'd alone.
One in th'innumerable multitude;
Perfectly ordering things which seem most rude.
Infinite Power, one accent of whose breath,
Can sentence Heav'n and Earth to life or death.
Yea, by one act of efficacious Will
Canst make and unmake worlds; give life,and kill.
Reason transcending all created Reason;
Not only knowing all things in their season,

But

But with a Knowledge perfect, infinite,
Knowing Thy self in Thine Eternal Light.
A knowledge which doth utterly excel,
The Knowledge of the Earth, the Heav'ns & Hell;
To know ten thousand worlds, were but to know
The finite streams which from thy Will do flow:
Existents, Futures, all Contingencies
Conceal'd from man, are naked to thine eyes:
Of every thing thou know'st the Form and Cause;
As giving all their Nature and their Laws.
Nature's whole frame is but one piece to thee.
The Place and Use of all things thou dost see.
The Globes of Heav'n and Earth are in thy span;
Thou seest not things by parcels, like poor Man.
Our narrow minds see here and there a letter,
Not rightly plac'd, and therefore read no better:
We make the Events of this day our sorrow,
Because we know not what will be to morrow.
Things present, past and future; old and new,
Thou see'st entirely with one single view.
Thou seest all at home that's understood:
Loving thy self, thou lovest all that's *Good*.
Goodness it self, and *perfect Excellence*,
Transcending humane *Reason*, *Will* and *Sense*!
Good in thy self, and to thy self alone,
Before thou wast to any creature known.
Blest in thy own Eternal pleasing sight;
Thy own Eternal Love, Thy own Delight.

Thoſe that can find in Thee no greater Good,
Than that thou giv'ſt them life, and health, & food,
And bountifully from thy ample Treaſure
Bleſſeſt thy creatures with deſired pleaſure,
Set up themſelves, and do the worſt they can,
To make themſelves the Gods, and Thee the Man.
They that can love thee but for loving them,
Make thee the casket, and themſelves the gem.
To *love thy ſelf* is infinitely better,
Than if *Love* made a world of worlds its debter.
Thy *own Perfections* by *Attraction* move,
As the *chief formal Object* of Man's Love.
Though our *own Good* we may, and muſt intend;
Thy *ſimple Goodneſs* is Man's *chiefeſt End.*
They that deny this, never knew *Love*'s force,
Which to *meer Excellence* hath its recourſe:
Or never well conſidered *Love's End*,
Which unto *Good*, for *Goodneſs* ſake doth tend.
To be *Man's End*, is but to be *moſt Lov'd*:
And *Good*'s the Loadſtone by which *Love* is mov'd.
What though to Thee the creature nothing add?
That proves Thee perfect; neither weak nor bad;
And therefore fit to be the Final Cauſe,
Which all hearts by attractive Goodneſs draws:
Love is the *Final* and *Enjoying* act;
Cloſing with Thee by thy Magnetick tract:
Not as it *mourneth* for the Good we want;
Nor as it after diſtant *Good* doth pant;
But partly as it reacheth its deſires:
And more as it with *Pleaſure Thee admires.*

This

This Love, beſides its *Object*, hath *no End*:
It doth not to ſome Higher Virtue tend:
But from a ſeed, grows up to higher ſtature,
Of *Divine Complacence*, which is its nature.
All other Grace is but the means to it:
They draw the bow; but *Love* the mark doth hit.
Bnt ſinners loſt in SELF riſe not above
The lower Region of their own SELF-LOVE.
Experience aſſures me that I can
Love a moſt learned, wiſe and holy man
Unſeen, my very heart is to him knit,
Without reſpect to any benefit.
Reaſon convinceth me, that I ſhould erre,
If the known BEST, my Love ſhould not prefer:
Should I not rather chuſe my ſelf alone
To be annihilated, or undone,
Than the whole world ſhould bear the ſame diſtreſs,
Or Towns, or Countries; ſeeing I am leſs?
Or the Creator ſhould take down the Sun?
Deſtroy the Earth? or Rivers ceaſe to run?
Reaſon taught Heathens that their Country's good,
Was worth the ſhedding of their vital blood:
A faithful Subject thinks his Life a thing
Meet to be caſt away to ſave his King.
True Souldiers would chuſe death, if ſo they may
But ſave their Captains lives, or win the day.
Many have choſe to dye through love of friends;
Preferring them above all ſelfiſh Ends.
It is not Reaſon, but blind ſelfiſh Paſſion,
If *One* refuſe to dye to ſave a Nation.

A silly useless Wretch should not refuse
His Death, before a useful mans, to chuse.
* My Neighbour as my self I must respect,
And *for my Brethren* must my *Life reject*. (1 *Joh.* 3.16.)
O doleful proof of Man's unhappy fall!
That loves not GOD above Himself and All!
And if I *love him most*, He is *my End*:
Man's Love above the *Lover* must ascend.

But O how wisely hast thou made the twist!
To *Love Thee* and *My Self* do well consist.
Love is the closure of Connaturals;
The Soul's return to its Originals:
As every Brook is towards the Ocean bent;
And all things to their proper Element:
And as the inclination of the Sight,
How small soever, is unto the Light:
As the toucht Needle pointeth towards the Pole:
Thus unto Thee inclines the Holy Soul;
It trembleth and is restless till it come
Unto thy Bosom, where it is at home.
Yet no such Union dare the Soul desire,
As *Parts* have with the *Whole*, and sparks to fire;
But as dependant, low, subordinate,
Such as thy Will of nothing did create:
As tendeth to the Sun, the smallest Eye
Of silly vermine, or the poorest Flie.
My *own Salvation* when I make my *End*;
Full Mutual Love is all that I intend.

And

And in this closure though *I happy* be,
It's by Intending and Admiring Thee.
O happy Grace! which feeds above the Skies!
And causest Man above Himself to rise!
And *saves* what it *denys*! when worldlings lose
What they *despis'd*, and what they lov'd and chose!
The more I do *my self* in Love neglect,
And only to *thy Goodness* have respect,
When most *my self* I from *my self* abstract,
This is the *sweetest*, and *self-pleasing* act!
Even when I seem to leave *my self* behind,
Coming to Thee, with *Thee my self* I find.
When I am least the *Object* of my *Love*,
And unto *Thee* do most *entirely* move,
My Soul, the willing Agent, drawn by Grace,
Will *Rest in Love*, and *Vision* of thy Face.

But, in this wilderness and vale of Tears,
How is Love dampt by ignorance and fears!
For no Man's Love his knowledge can exceed:
And guilty Terrours disaffection breed.
Mortals can know thee but as in a glass.
True formal Knowledge doth man's mind surpass.
No Thoughts or Names are adequate to Thee:
They are but Metaphors from what we see;
Which first thy Works and Image signifie;
And thence to Thee mens rising Minds apply.
As far as Faith comes short of perfect Sight,
And this dark Prison of the Glorious Light;

So far this distant mediate Love's below
The heavenly Love which mortals cannot know.
What will it be to love Thee face to face,
When thou appear'st so lovely in this Glass?

Thy *Goodness* is not to that world confin'd:
To worthless, sinful mortals thou art kind:
Thy mercies to the smallest are not small:
To some more wonderful, but great to all.
Thy matchless *Power* doth it self express,
Upon the smallest Worm, or pile of Grass.
The Methods of thy *Wisdom* are profound:
All must admire the depths which none can sound.

When Man from Holy Love, turn'd to a Lye,
Thy Image lost, became thine Enemy;
O what a *Seal* did *Love* and *Wisdom* find
To reimprint thine Image on Man's Mind?
Thou sentst the Signet from thine own right hand,
Made man for them that had themselves unman'd.
Th'Eternal Son, who in thy bosom dwelt;
Essential burning Love, mens hearts to melt:
Thy lively Image; he that knew thy mind:
Fit to illuminate and heal the blind.
With Love's great Office, thou didst him adorn:
Redeemer of the helpless and forlorn:
On Love's chief work and message he was sent:
Our Flesh he took; our pain he underwent:
Thy pardoning, saving Love to Man did preach:
The Reconciler stood up in the breach:

The

The uncreated Image of thy Love,
By his *Assumption*, and the *Holy Dove*,
On his Own Flesh thy Image first impress;
And by that stamp renews it on the rest.
Love was his Nature, Doctrine, Life and Breath:
Love flamed in his Sufferings and Death:
Thus *Love thine Image*, *Love* on Man doth print:
This Coin, thy Son, thy Word and Spirit mint.
He that will have it *True*, must have it here;
Though *Love* prepare its way by *Grief* and *Fear*:
Yea oft by *these* expresseth its Desire;
They are sincere when kindled by *its* fire.
These are *LOVE*'s Methods, passing tongue & pen:
Wonders and Joys, to Angels, and to Men.

The

The Second Part.

LOVE, which can make its Object, did produce
This Worm, in ſeaſon, for his proper uſe:
In the Earth's Garden, the moſt happy Land,
Where Chriſtians dwel, & Chriſtian Kings command:
Where plenteous ſtreams of living waters flow;
Where the firſt-fruits of Paradiſe do grow:
Whence Proud, Dark, Bloody Popery was driven:
To whom the opened Book of God was given.
Where ſacred guides, and books, and helps abound;
And all that will may hear *the joyful ſound.*

My Parents here thy skilful hand did plant,
Free from the ſnares of Riches and of Want.
Their tender care was us'd for me alone,
Becauſe thy providence gave them but One:
Their early Precepts ſo poſſeſt my heart,
That taking root, they did not thence depart.
Thy Wiſdom ſo contriv'd my Education,
As might expoſe me to the leaſt temptation.
Much of that guilt thy Mercy did prevent,
In which my ſpring-time I ſhould elſe have ſpent.

Yet

Yet Sin ſprung up, and early did appear;
In love of play, and lyes produc'd by fear:
An appetite pleas'd with forbidden fruit,
A proud delight in literate repute;
Exceſs of pleaſure in vain Tales, Romances;
Time ſpent in feigned Hiſtories and Fancies:
In idle talk, conform to company;
Childhood and Youth had too much vanity.;
Conſcience was oft reſiſted when it checkt,
And holy duty I did much neglect.

Yet patience bore; thy Spirit ſtill did ſtrive:
Reſtleſs Convictions ſtill were kept alive.
Thou wouldſt not give me over, till thy Grace
Reviv'd thy Image which ſin did deface.
Thou ſtrangely putſt ſuch Books into my hand,
As cauſed me my caſe to underſtand:
As touchit my conſcience, wakened my heart,
And laid it under careful fears and ſmart.
And made me queſtion with a deeper ſenſe,
Whither my ſoul muſt go when it goes hence.

Then did thy Light detect the vanity
Of all the Joys and Hopes below the Sky.
The fruitleſs buſſle which the Worldling makes;
The madneſs of the courſe the Sinner takes;
The wicked world I thought a Bedlam was:
And ſenſleſs Sinners hearts were ſtone or braſs:
I wondred men could live ſo careleſly,
Ready to paſs into Eternity!

And O how eaſily could I confute
All that againſt a holy life diſpute?

I wondred at my ſelf that ſtaid ſo long,
So little toucht with Arguments ſo ſtrong!
Laughing and playing, as if all were well,
For ought I knew, near to the brink of Hell.
I marvell'd at my former ſenſleſneſs!
My ſin and miſery I did confeſs.
And now what horrid darkneſs on my mind,
Never before lamented did I find?
Sin was like ſickneſs in my fleſh and bone,
Which only by the Book before was known.

Chriſt's Office now I better underſtood,
The need my Soul had of his cleanſing Blood:
How inſufficient of my ſelf I was,
To bring my own deliverance to paſs:
Now I began to *feel* as well as *ſee*,
How near the *Word of Grace* concerned me:
That all means elſe in Heaven and Earth were vain,
My Peace with God, and pardon to obtain!
To whom elſe ſhould my ſinful Soul have gone?
But for my Saviour, I had been undone.
Oh my dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Thus thou prepar'ſt us for the Life above.

The heav'nly Powers wch made my heart to quake,
My Priſon bonds and doors did open ſhake:

Sin

n now was folly, villany and ſhame:
od, Heav'n, Chriſt, Holineſs, ſeem not the ſame:
low thou wouldſt uſe me, yet I did not know,
Whether my ſin thou wouldſt forgive, or no:
ut well I ſaw there was no turning back:
Nature is loth to go to Hell awake:
Thy Goſpel told me, I might mercy find:
Nothing but Hell and Darkneſs was behind:
t laſt thy Grace brought me to this concluſion,
To HOPE and SEEK I fixt my reſolution.
O my dear God! How precious is thy Love?
Thy Griefs prepare us for the Joys above.

Yet theſe my wounds and ſmart were not ſo great,
As many's who ſate long in ſcorners ſeat:
Nor did the change ſo ſuddenly begin,
As to make known *when* ſpecial Grace came in:
In my young years thou hadſt convinc'd my Soul:
Conſcience did childiſh vanity controul:
I lik'd thy waies as beſt: I honour'd thoſe,
That Folly ſhun'd, and Holy Wiſdom choſe:
Thou hadſt prevented Oaths and horrid crimes;
And the enormous vices of the times:
Preſerving me from youthful luſts and rage:
The thoughts of Thee increaſing with my Age.
This greateſt Change began when I was green,
Having not much above three luſtres ſeen:
Therefore I doubted whether it were true,
Becauſe its *entrance* I no better knew:

Long

Long was I ſadly queſtioning thy Grace,
Becauſe thy Spirits ſteps I could not trace.
The difference is ſo great 'twixt Heav'n and Hel
That thoſe muſt differ much who there muſt dwe
I fear'd the change which rais'd my ſoul no highe
Would not ſuffice to ſave me from Hell fire.
But above all, I thought ſo Hard a heart,
Could not among the living have a part.
I thought thy Son would never heal my ſore,
Unleſs my tears and ſorrow had been more.
I wonder'd at my great ſtupidity!
That could not weep when I deſerv'd to dye.
I wonder'd, things ſo great as Heav'n and Hell,
Did on my heart with no more feeling dwell!
That words which ſuch amaz'ing things import,
Did not ſink deeper, and my ſoul tranſport!
That things of Everlaſting conſequence,
Did not affect me with a deeper ſenſe.
And that a ſoul ſo near its final doom,
Could give theſe worldly trifles any room.
That on theſe ſhadows I could caſt an eye,
While Death & Judgment, Heav'n & Hell ſtood by.
I wonder'd when my odious ſin was nam'd,
I was no more confounded and aſham'd!
Many a time I beg'd a tender heart,
And never pray'd ſo much for joy, as ſmart.
I could have kiſs'd the place where I did kneel,
If what my tongue had ſpoke, my heart could feel.
Theſe were my cryes when I to Thee did ſpeak,
O *that this heart of ſtone might melt or break*!

These were my groans; this was my daily breath;
Save me from Hard-heartedness and Death!
This was the title which I us'd to take,
Senseless Hard-hearted wretch, that cannot wake.]
But as thy Wisdom gives in fittest measure;
Not all at once: It's meet we wait thy leisure.
I thought that things unseen should *pierce* and *melt*,
With as great Passion as things *seen* and *felt*.
But now I find it is their proper part,
To be *most valu'd*, to be *next the Heart*;
To be the *highest Interest* of the *soul*;
There to *command*, and all *things else controul*.

Thus must the little spark of fire be blown,
Or else it will not flame, nor scarce be known;
New-lighted Candles, darkened by the snuff,
Are ready to go out with every puff:
So it was long before the heav'nly spark
Conquered my snuff, and shined in the dark:
My feeble new-born soul began with crying:
My Infant-life did seem to be still dying:
Betwixt supporting *Hope*, and sinking *Fears*,
My doubting soul did languish many years.
O my dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Thy troubling Motions tend to Rest above.

Thus GRACE like NATURE entereth in a *seed*;
Which with man's labour, heav'nly dews must feed:
Whose *Virtue* and *first Motions* no eye sees;
But after comes to ripeness by degrees:

Our

Our Father's tender Love doth much appear,
When he with uſeleſs crying Babes can bear:
When we the Houſhold's grief and trouble are;
He ſhews the more his patient nurſing care.
At firſt I wiſht that *I could pray and weep:*
Thus when I could not *go*, I learn'd to creep:
Then thou beganſt to looſe my Infant tongue;
And taught'ſt me *Abba, Father*, when but young
Firſt by the Book, and ſome unworded groans;
After by heart-indited words and moans.
Thy dyet firſt was Milk, then ſtronger food:
But alwaies that which wholſom was and good.
Though Preachers were too often dry and dull,
Thy holy Word was quick and powerful:
The many precious Books of holy men,
Thy Spirit uſed on me as his Pen:
Perkins, Sibbs, Bolton, Whateley, holy *Dod*,
Hilderſham, Preſton, other men of God,
How pertinently ſpake they to my caſe?
They open'd Heav'n and Hell before my face:
They did unfold the Goſpel-Myſteries,
And ſet Chriſt crucified before my eyes:
They ſhamed ſin; they ſhewed me the ſnare;
Opened the danger; charg'd me to beware.
In every duty they did me direct;
Told me the ſin, and danger of neglect:
They ſearch'd my heart; help'd me to try my ſtate
My earthly Mind they help'd to elevate:
What ſtrong & quickening motives did they bring
To raiſe my heart, and winde the ſlackned ſpring

The

These happy Counsellors were still at hand;
The Maps, and Landskips of the Holy Land.
This food was not lockt from me; but I could
Go read a holy Sermon when I would.
How cheaply kept I many Rare Divines?
And for a little purchas'd Golden Mines?
My griefs they eas'd; my many doubts resolv'd;
With great delight I daily then revolv'd:
O my dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Are these thy Candles? What's the Sun above?

At last my *Fears* became my greatest *Faar*,
Lest that my whole Religion should lie there:
No man hath more of *Holiness* than *Love*:
Which doth free souls by complacency move
Common Grace goes as far as *Fear alone*:
This eateth not the meat, but gnaws the bone.
A slavish fear desireth leave to sin:
It doth but tie the hands, and wash the skin.
Hypocrites act a forc't affected part:
Where *Love* is absent, God hath not the heart.
He'l not accept what's done against mens will,
That if they durst, had rather have done ill.

Oh my dear God! shall not my Heart be thine?
Then I shall wish it never had been mine.
Objects of *Sense* do soonest move the *Passion*:
But sure *Thou* hast my highest *Estimation*;
My *Will's Resolved Choice* is to be *Thine*:
My *Soul* and *Body* I to *Thee* resign:

To *Thee* the motions of my Soul do *bend*:
Thou art the *Scope* to which my *Life* doth *tend*.
The Motions of the higher Faculties,
The Ruling Powers are chiefeſt in thine eyes:
Thou tak'ſt the *Love* and *Homage* which *they* pay;
Though Rebel *Paſſion* doth not them obey,
What makes me laugh moſt, makes me not moſt glad:
What made me *weep* moſt, made me not moſt ſad:
My Love to one choice friend hath oft more *paſſion*,
Than my much greater Love to *Church* & *Nation*.
O had I all my Powers at command!
As readily as tongue, or foot, or hand!
My eyes ſhould empty firſt the ſerous ſtore,
Becauſe I love ſo good a God no more:
And next ſome of the florid Blood ſhould ſpend,
Becauſe the God of Love I did offend.
The reſt ſhould ſerve for Oil unto Love's Fire,
Waſting in reſtleſs vehement Deſire:
At every mention of thy Bleſſed Name,
My raviſht Soul ſhould mount up in Love's flame:
Each Sermon ſhould *Elias* Chariot be,
To carry up my longing heart to Thee.
The Saints Aſſemblies I would make more bright,
Where many Heav'n-aſpiring flames unite.
And when my Lord's Love-ſufferings I read,
My pierced and Love-wounded heart ſhould bleed.
Love ſhould enforce each word when I do pray;
A Flaming Heart I'd on thy Altar lay:
When halving Hypocrites give Thee a part,
Love ſhould preſent my *Whole*, though *Broken* heart.

When

When in thy Word I read Love's Myſteries;
There I would ſweetly feed my greedy eyes.
Each Sacrament ſhould be an Euchariſt: (twiſt.
There Heart with Heart,& Love with Love ſhould
My friends and I would in our daily walk
Of Love's Delights and Entertainments talk:
My working Love ſhould others Love excite:
In Love I'd be a Burning Shining Light.
Love through the Lanthorn of my fleſh ſhould ſhine:
Who heard me ſpeak, ſhould hear that I am Thine:
Remembring that in Love I muſt be made
Equal to Angels; I would learn their Trade:
Yea I would reach up to a higher ſhelf;
And as my Copy, look to Chriſt himſelf.

Love's work I'd do with all my diligence, } *Mar.* 3.20.21.
Though men ſhould think I were beſide my ſenſe. } 2 *Cor.* 5. 13.

My daily Love ſhould riſe before the Sun,
And it in ſpeed and conſtancy out-run:
Love as my Life ſhould fill up all my daies;
Deſire ſhould be my *Pulſe*; my *Breath* thy *Praiſe*.
And I would winde up all the ſtrings as high,
As Bleſſed *Paul* was in his Extaſie.
Heav'nly Love ſhould all my words indite,
And be the ſoul and ſenſe of all I write:
My heart of Love's Delights ſhould ſweetly think,
I'd write with flaming fire inſtead of Ink:

And yet thy holy Day ſhould be my Beſt,
In it my thirſty Soul ſhould taſt of Reſt;
My daily food ſhould increaſe to a Feaſt.
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
O could I mount thus to the Flames above?

Theſe are *Love*'s pantings after thee, my God!
Though, with my *Soul*, impriſon'd in a clod!
My *Soul* and *Love* ſhall ſhortly be ſet free;
And then my *Soul*, my *Love* ſhall feaſt on *Thee*.
If thou wouldſt grant the very thing I crave,
And give me leave to chuſe what I would have;
Should it be luſts, or Sports, or Fleſhly pleaſure?
Sould it be Lordly Rule, or Earthly Treaſure?
No; I could gladly leave this Dirt to Swine,
And let the *World* be theirs, if *Thou* be mine!
I would not thirſt to taſt of their Delight.
If lively Faith might ſee the bleſſed Sight!
I would not be ambitious of a Throne!
I could have full content in God alone.
For mens *Eſteem* and *Praiſe* I would not care:
All other *Wit* and *Knowledge* I could ſpare:
To *Know* and *Love my God* ſhould be my choice:
Give me but *This*, and how ſhall I rejoyce?
Under my hand, Lord, This is it I chooſe:
O give me this, whatever elſe I loſe!
Is there no ſpark of Love in this *Deſire*?
When a poor Soul doth unto Thee aſpire?
To *Know* and *Love* thee is my thirſt and ſtrife:
Nothing more makes me weary of my life,

Than

Than that I feel no more the heav'nly Fire,
But look and reach, and yet can reach no higher.
Here lyes my pain! This is my daily sore:
I hate my Heart for loving God no more.
Do I not *Love* Thee, when *I Love to Love Thee*?
And when I *set up nothing else above Thee*?
Next GOD himself, who is my END & REST,
Love which stands next Thee, I esteem my *Best*,
And *Loving God* shall be my Endless Feast.
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
These are thy Earnests of the Life above.

Fear is to *Love*, as was the *Law* to *Grace*:
And as *John Baptist* goes before Christ's face,
Preaching Repentance: it prepares his way:
It is the first appearing of the Day:
The dawning Light wh ch comes before the Sun:
As he that to Christ's Sepulchre first run,
Excites the LOV'D Disciple to do better;
The certain news of Life comes by the later.
Fear is Love's Harbinger: It is the womb,
Where Love doth breed till time of ripeness come!
No wonder if it be not seen till then:
The Seed and Embrio are hid from men. (latch:
Though Thou com'st in by Love, Fear draws the
Fear makes the motion, tho Love makes the match:
Fear is the soil that cherisheth the seed;
The Nursery in which Heav'ns Plants do breed.
God first in *Nature* finds *Self-Love*, and there
He takes advantage to implant his *Fear*.

With ſome the time is long before the Earth
Diſcloſe her young one by a ſpringy Birth:
When Heav'n doth make our Winter ſharp & long,
The ſeed of Love lies hid, or ſeems but young:
But when God makes it Spring-time, his approach
Takes from the barren Soul its great reproach;
When Heav'ns reviving Smiles and Raies appear,
Then Love begins to ſpring up above Fear:
And if ſin hinder not by curſed ſhade,
It quickly ſhoots up to a youthful blade:
And when Heav'ns warmer beams & dews ſucceed,
That's ripened fruit which even now was but ſeed:
Yet doth not flowring, fruitful Love forget
Her Nurſing *Fear*; there ſtill her Root is ſet:
In Humble Self-denyal under-trod,
While Flower and Fruit are growing up to God
After Love's Birth-Day, holy *Fear* and *Care*
The *outward Part* of the *New-creature* are.
As mortal man conſiſts of *Fleſh* and *Soul*,
So *Fear* and *Love*, on Earth, do make one *Whole*.
Love, as the *Soul*, unſeen, yet bears the ſway:
Fear, as the *Fleſh*, more *felt*, muſt it obey.
By *Fear*, *Love* doth the daring Fleſh reſtrain,
And keepeth men awake by threatned pain.
This frame is mortal: Not that *Love* can dye;
But leaving *Fears*, will dwell alone on high:
Yet will retain a *Reverent Fear* of God;
But not the terrour of his Wrath or Rod.
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
How wide thy Methods to the Life above?

Thou

Thou first appear'dst in Lightning, as to *Paul*:
My heat abated, at thy feet I fall.
The voice with which thy Call thou didst begin,
Was to convince me, and reprovemy sin:
I first enquired of thee, who thou art?
And then, what duty thou hadst made my part?
Thus *Fear* and *Care* began; but the sweet Name
Of *Jesus* did reviving *Hope* proclaim.
And though long time it scarcely did appear,
Yet sure some hidden spark of *Love* was there.
I lov'd thy *Holy Word*; *Good Books* were sweet,
Those that did with my own condition meet:
Heart-searching *Ministers* were my delight,
Those that did most my drowsie Soul excite.
I dearly loved all in whom I saw
A Love to Thee, and Care to keep thy Law:
The speech and sight of Holy men was sweet;
I honour'd them, and could have kist their feet.
I felt their living words go to the quick,
When common idle prating made me sick.
I dearly lov'd my serious bosom friend,
Who did in Love my failings reprehend;
That could my doubting troubled mind condole,
And help to keep awake my sleepy Soul:
Who could unfold the Mysteries of Grace,
And speak particularly to my case;
Sweetly disclosing his experience;
Extolling Mercy from his own deep sense;
One that had been instructed by the Rod,
And boiled over in the Praise of God:

Who early (and oft in the night) would riſe,
To offer Thee a Thankful Sacrifice:
Who warm'd me with his Zeal when I was cold;
And my remiſsneſs lovingly controul'd;
Who ſtirr'd me up, and taught me how to pray;
And friendly watcht and warn'd me every day.
And yet his Piety did not exceed
His Charity, to thoſe that were in need.
For ſuch a friend I had; though after all,
Himſelf became my warning by his fall;
As more than One or Two have done ſince then;
Shewing, when Grace withdraws, we are but Men.
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Theſe are the ſeeds: what are the fruits above?

Yet did I ſcarce diſcern that it was *Thee*,
Whom in the *Glaſs* my *pleaſed Mind* did ſee:
But though thine *Image* more incur my *ſenſe*,
I love it for the pourtrayd excellence:
It's not becauſe the Workmanſhip is *fine*,
But *Good* and *Holy*; and becauſe it's *Thine*.
I *better know* the *Map* that's in my hand:
But yet, by it, I *better Love* the *Land*.
Sure when I lov'd thy *Books*, and every letter;
I lov'd the *Senſe*, and *End*, and *Author* better.
He loveth Wiſdom ſure, who loves the Wiſe:
It's like he loves the Light, who loves his Eyes.
If one in Priſon had his life begun,
Where he had never ſeen the ſhining Sun;

Yet

et if he dearly love the Candle-light,
le'd urely love the Sun, which is more bright.
r if the Sun had alwaies clouded been,
nd men its scattered Light alone had seen;
's true, our Thoughts and Love of that we see,
Vould more exact and satisfying be:
ut to the *unseen Cause*, as it is *Better*,
ur *Love of Estimation* would be Greater.
nd even a Knowledge general and dark,
Vould be the *Chooser* of our *End* and *Mark*.
That Love's most *sensible*, which Sense doth breed;
ut that *Commands*, which Faith and Reason feed:
The *Country* than the *Map*, I must confess,
s much *less known*; but is not *known as less*.
A *Great* and *Certain Object* should do more,
Though *darkly known*, than *trifles* at my *door*:
An *Unseen Kingdom* would with men prevail,
To leave their Native place, and hoise up sail,
And venture over stormy boisterous Seas:
Vch shews that *great things*, tho *unseen*, most please.
No wonder if the Knowledge be most clear,
Of little things which to the sense are near;
These narrow parcels we can comprehend,
When *unseen Greatness* doth the mind transcend:
But yet *This* moves the Wheels, and is the *Spring*,
Before the nareſt sight of some small thing.
That is *most Loved*, which I make my *End*;
To which my great designs and actions tend;
For which I can all other Treasure spend,
Although I do it darkly apprehend.

O my

O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Unveiled fully to thy Saints above?

As fire firſt kindleth on the neareſt Wood,
My ſenſe thus fixed on the neareſt good:
And where ſenſe fixed, there with greateſt ſenſe
The mind did exerciſe its Complacence.
It ſeem'd more cold to that which diſtant was;
Yet ſtill looks further as I forward paſs:
And towards my End, the nearer Heav'n I go,
My Love abſtracteth more from things below.
Love ſeemeth to get ground, and Fear decaies;
Doubting & Grief give place to Thanks & Pra
And tho Fear wrought with greateſt ſenſe before,
And was in bulk and violence much more;
Yet the leaſt ſpark of Love which is ſincere,
Will ſave the Soul, tho mixt with greater Fear:
Who loves God ſomewhat, & the World above him
Loving not *God as God*, he doth *not love him*:
Love muſt be ſo far tryed by the *meaſure*,
That *God* be Lov'd above all earthly Treaſure:
But that ſuppos'd the leaſt degree of Love,
With greater Doubts and Fears will ſaving prove
Great Bodies with ſmall ſouls are animate:
Great Heads with little Eyes, are oculate.
Small Candles lighten Rooms that are more la
A Steward may have ſpacious Lands in charge.
The Kingdom may be bigger than the King:
The Diamond may be ſmaller than the Ring:

he Houſe may bigger than the dweller be:
reat *Fear* and *little Love*, conſiſtent be.
t ſtill true Love to God and Man are known,
lore by the *Fruits*, than by the *Senſe* alone.
muſt be ſuch a Love, as when there's need,
Vill venture, ſuffer, viſit, cloath and feed.
my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Which gently leads us to the Joyes above?

ove ſtill went on, and lined out my way,
ledging me in, leſt I ſhould go aſtray:
et after this how oft did I tranſgreſs?
y light diſcourſe, and wanton playfulneſs;
ating to fulneſs: Yea, even Cards and Dice,
egan my mind with pleaſure to entice.
ut Providence did quickly interpoſe,
nd by a wonder take me off from thoſe.
in moſt enſnar'd by pleading lawfulneſs;
hough Conſcience often did the ſin confeſs:
hat wounded deepeſt which by ſeeming ſmall,
rew me to venture, and reſiſt thy Call;
nd knowingly the ſame oft to commit,
hinking all Chriſtians had as great as it.
et all that would not be undone by ſin,
ly the occaſions where it doth begin.
t firſt it's ſafe and pleaſant to reſiſt.
ut O how doleful is it to perſiſt?
in doth not open its deſign at firſt:
ts firſt appearance ſheweth not the worſt:

Flattering

Flattering the ſenſe, it ſeems to be a friend;
But it proves pain and poiſon in the end.
Pray from Temptation that you may be free,
If from the evil you would ſaved be.
Repentance muſt convince you that it's gall,
Which firſt appeared innocent or ſmall.
O how it fills the Soul with guilty fears!
Our filial Evidences blaſts and tears?
Diſturbs our Peace, and feeds the gnawing Worm
Turns our Tranquility into a ſtorm?
It puts a piercing ſting into the Croſs,
And makes Death dreadful as the greateſt loſs.
Yet all my folly Mercy did forgive,
And did my guilty wounded ſoul relieve.
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Heal me, and fit me for the Joyes above.

Thy Love in order to its well known Ends,
Shew'd me great mercy in meet Guides & Friends:
Antient and grave Divines, ſolid and ſtaid,
Who from Experience both preach'd and pray'd:
Learned, yet counting Chriſtianity
The chiefeſt Learning and Philoſophy.
Theſe as the Fathers of my untaught Youth,
Were willing to communicate the Truth.
Their help and fruitful converſe was my ſtay,
And great encouragement in all my way;
More pleaſant to me than my youthful games:
My love doth grudgingly ſuppreſs their names.

The

he company thou gav'ſt me was not vain,
ot proud or factious, ſenſual or prophane:
t ſerious, ſober, and obedient,
hoſe time was in their peaceful labours ſpent:
umble and meek, who made it their diſcourſe,
o ſtir up Faith, and penitent remorſe.
inding the *Loweſt*, and the *Higheſt* things;
ot medling buſily with States and Kings.
aking thy holy Word their chief delight,
nd meditating in it day and night:
pending thy day in works of holineſs;
ating prophaneneſs, lewdneſs and exceſs:
ontent with little, yet aſpiring high;
paring no pains for immortality:
ow in the world; but for ſalvation wiſe;
hough ſcorn'd by faithleſs fools as too preciſe.
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Such thou wilt take to dwell with Thee above.

Thy Mercy did my younger Studies guide:
Sweet leiſure and meet Books thou didſt provide;
And that I might thy Love the better ſee,
My Tutor thou thy ſelf waſt pleas'd to be:
As Honey-combs are made by patient Bees,
Who fetch the matter home by ſlow degrees,
In many daies, and from a thouſand Flowers,
Not perfecting their work in a few hours:
So taughtſt thou me to wait the Learning time,
Not reaching firſt at matters too ſublime;

Few

Few to maturity of Knowledge grow,
Who think they know, before indeed they know.
Thou didſt improve the thirſty love of Truth,
Which thou hadſt given me even in my youth.
My Labours thou mad'ſt eaſie by delight:
Each daies ſucceſs, did to the next invite.
But O the happy Method of thy Grace!
Which gave my own Salvation the firſt place!
And firſt reſolv'd me of the utmoſt end,
Which all my after Studies muſt intend:
Shewing me firſt, *Why*, and *For What* I muſt
Lay out my Studies, that they be not loſt:
Unhappy men! who follow baſe deſigns,
* And are not Chriſtians, when they are Divines!
O that an *Impious Divine* were rare!
Although the terms a contradiction are.
Alas in what a *blind* or *trembling* State,
Should I all day have at my Studies ſate,
And with how little joy, or hope of gains,
If I had ſtudy'd ſtill in Satan's chains?
O fooliſh Studies! to conſider how
The Earth is fixed, and the Plants do grow?
What is each creatures ſpecifying cauſe?
And what are all their Orders and their Laws?
When thy own ſaving Change is to begin!
And thou haſt yet no pardon of thy ſin?
When all the while thou art a Son of Wrath,
Who to Eternal Life no title hath?
When in thy flow'ring Studies thou may'ſt dye,
And be undone to all Eternity?

Who would be playing at a childiſh game,
While his own Houſe is in a burning flame?
What if I knew whether the Earth or Sun
So ſwift and unperceiv'd a courſe doth run?
Or knew the courſe and order of the ſphears?
Or were beſt skill'd in numbering paſt years?
Knew all the Houſes of the ſtarry Sky?
And things that are for common wits too high?
What if I knew all theſe never ſo well?
And knew not how to ſcape the flames of Hell?
What gain or pleaſure would my knowledge be?
If I the face of God muſt never ſee?
Or what if I could fool away my time,
In ſmooth and well compoſed idle Rhyme?
Or dreaming Lovers Fancies could rehearſe,
In the moſt lofty and adorned verſe?
While my unholy Soul, in fleſhly thrall,
Should be lamenting its own Funeral?

But when my Soul had fixt on God her *End*,
Then all my Studies unto him did tend.
They all were ordered in due place and ſeaſon,
Guided by Faith, allowed by ſound Reaſon:
Thou taughtſt me firſt the *Only Needful Thing*;
And all my Studies harp'd ſtill on that ſtring:
Judging the greateſt Knowledge to be vain,
Which tendeth not to the Immortal gain.
There is a Knowledge which increaſeth ſorrow,
And ſuch whoſe fruit will die before to morrow:

Yea,

Yea, there's a knowledge which occasions sin:
Desire of Knowing did Man's woe begin:
All means are to be judg'd of by their End:
That's good wch doth good, or doth good portend
Its End and Objects which ennoble acts:
Those that *do glorious things* are *glorious facts.*
Who calls a self-condemning sinner, *Wise,*
That on a syllable can criticize;
That can in mode and figure talk in vain;
Or learnedly his pride and sin maintain?
That's best at the resolving of a Riddle,
Or playing on a Bag-pipe, or a Fiddle:
But hath not learned how to Live and Die,
Nor where his Soul must dwell eternally?
God and all wise men judge him but a fool,
Who is not wise enough to save his Soul. (good
When Heav'n's made sure, all Knowledge then is
For Faith and Love can turn it into food:
It's pleasant then to study any Book,
When we see GOD the sense, where ere we look:
When as the way to Heav'n we know each place:
And see God's beauty in each creature's face:
And when we stick not in the form and letter,
But all our Knowledge tends to make us better.
When still the more we Know, the more we Love,
And draw more with us to the Joys above.
Fine Fancies are not like *clear minds*; nor those
Like *Love*, by which the Soul with God doth close.
Wisdom it self will make the Mind most wise.
He that ascends to *God*, doth Highest rise.

Sure

Sure *Pisgah* was *Parnassus*, or the Mount,
Where three Apostles did three Glories count:
Christ's living streams are the true Helicon:
None make true Poets but Heav'ns springs alone.
What poor, low, toyish work make frothy wits?
Like *Bacchus* Scholars in their Pot-wise fits.
Like Childrens Poppets dreſt with Lace and Pin;
Like handsom Pictures; something wants within:
A painted Feast, carv'd with a painted Knife:
A *Living Soul* can *feel* it wanteth *Life*.
Without a *Holy Subject*, *End* and *Spirit*,
True Wisdom's sacred Titles none can merit.
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
These are the drops; what are the streams above?

Immortal thanks my Soul doth owe my God,
For his well-order'd needful healing Rod:
The *Book* and *Rod* do well befit thy School;
Correction is the portion of the Fool:
The *Rod it self* will make the *Sluggard* rise:
The *Rod* and *Book* make *foolish Children* wise.
I felt or fear'd no evil at the first,
But my Soul's misery, which is the worst:
Whilst for a Soul-remedy I did look,
Thy angry storm my Body overtook:
Languishing weakness shortens strength & breath;
Consumes my flesh, and threatens speedy death:
And what I felt reviv'd the fears of more:
For now my Judgment seemed at the door:

I knew not but it might be a foretaſt
Of greater woe which I might feel at laſt:
My new awaken'd Soul amazed was,
To think that unto Judgment it muſt paſs,
And ſee the unſeen World; and ſtand before
The dreadful God, whom Heav'n & Earth adore!
I was unready to behold thy face,
Having no more aſſurance of thy Grace!
Having but lately too familiar been,
With my ſeducing fleſh and hateful ſin:
My Thoughts of Thee were terrible and ſtrange!
And of ſo great and an untimely change!
The threatned Ruine I did thus condole;
O muſt my ſcarce-born, unprepared Soul
Before my dreadful Judge ſo ſoon appear!
And the deciſive final Sentence hear!
And all my Reckonings ſo ſoon bring in!
And give account to God for every ſin!
Before I do my Soul's condition know,
Or any ſealed Pardon have to ſhew.
What if I prove an unconverted Wretch?
And Juſtice ſhould my Soul to torments fetch?
How know I but the endleſs flames of Hell,
May be the place where next my Soul ſhall dwell?
Mercy would ſave me; but I did reject it:
Chriſt's Blood would cleanſe me, but I did neglect it.
And though I am not hopeleſs, how can I bear
To die uncertain under ſo great fear?
O that my Time had all been ſpent!
And that my early Thoughts had all been bent

In

In preparation for the Life to come;
That now I might have gone as to my home!
And taken up my dwelling with the bleſt!
And paſt to everlaſting Joy and Reſt!
O that the pleaſures of my ſports and toyes,
Had all been turn'd to man-like holy Joyes!
And thoſe Delights which Vanities engroſt,
And ſpent on fleſhly Luſts, were worſe than loſt,
Had all been ſweet Rejoycings in the Lord!
And in his holy Service and his Word!
O that I could my waſted Time call back,
Which now my Soul for greater works doth lack;
What would I give now for thoſe precious daies,
Which once run out in pleaſures and delaies?
O had I liv'd a ſtrict and holy Life,
Though under hatred and malicious ſtrife!
Though Men's and Devil's fury I had born,
And been the world's reproach, contempt & ſcorn!
Then welcome Death would but have quencht my
(thirſt,
And bid the envious world now do their worſt.
Their malice would but to my Joyes accrew,
And well-ſpent Time be ſweet to my review.
O happy men whoſe portion is above!
Whoſe hearts to God and to his Service clove!
Who made him and his Word their chief delight,
And walkt in uprightneſs, as in his ſight!
Approv'd their Hearts and Waies to him alone!
As ready to appear before his Throne!

Now I had rather far be one of them,
Than one of worldly Wealth, or Princely Stem.
O now my undreſt Soul is paſſing forth,
I ſee both what the *World* and *Chriſt* are worth.

Thus did the face of *Death* my Soul awake;
The bonds of dead ſtupidity it brake!
Strict, holy Truth I eaſily confeſt:
I ſaw that *Godlineſs* is not a jeſt.
My late befotted mind is now paſt doubt,
That Folly's careleſs, *Wiſdom* is devout:
I ſaw more clearly than I did before,
What lies on an ungodly Sinners ſcore?
For what man's pow'rs were made; what is their uſe?
To what all means and mercies do conduce?
What is man's buſineſs while he's here below?
How much his creatures to their Maker owe?
Whether the *Saint* or *Brute* be in the right?
Whether it's beſt to live by Faith or Sight?
What is true Wit? what Learning's moſt ſublime?
How I and all ſhould value precious Time?
I ſaw it's not a thing indifferent,
Whether my Soul to Heav'n or Hell be ſent.

Death alſo further taught me how to pray,
And made me cry unto thee every day;
It ſet me on the trying of my ſtate,
Leſt I ſhould prove deceiv'd when 'twas too late.
Often and carefully I ſearcht my heart,
Whether in Chriſt by Faith I had a part?

It shew'd me so much work to do at home,
That alien needless matters found small room.
It curb'd my Pride, and buryed my Ambition;
Made me, not only bear a low condition,
But chuse it; and all things to estimate,
As God, my Soul, and Heav'n should set the rate.
For now, as clearly as I saw the Sun,
I saw in lines which they may read that run,
That *Endless* things are *All*, when we compare,
And transitory trifles *Nothing* are:
That *Worldlings* in their *sleep* do talk and go,
And all their *lives* are but a *dreaming shew*:
Only the *true Believer* lives awake,
And doth not spend his daies in meer mistake:
That all who are not *Saints*, are worse than *Brutes*.
These, O my Father! were thy Rod's first-fruits.
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Thus we rebound up to the Joyes above.

Long thus before my God I lay prostrate,
Begging for healing mercy at his gate!
And for some longer time, to know his Truth,
And not unripe to wither in my Youth!
I begg'd that hasty Death he would delay,
And would not snatch me unprepar'd away.
I promised his mercies to rehearse,
If he the dreadful Sentence would reverse.
Could I have hop'd for *Hezekiah*'s years,
I should no more than he, have spared tears.

Yet hath thy Mercy granted me ſince then,
More than thrice five, yea more than four times ten
My moan thou pity'dſt, and my cryes didſt hear
Delaying Death; not taking off my fear:
The threatning malady thou didſt abate;
And into many others didſt tranſlate;
Which gave me hope of ſome preparing ſpace;
But none that Earth would prove a Reſting place.
Appointing me to ſerve in gentle Chains,
In wholſom ſickneſs, and in healing pains!
So great as might my head-ſtrong thoughts reſtrain
From running after things terrene and vain:
Yet were they not ſo great as to make leſs,
My Service, or my ſober chearfulneſs:
O what a happy mixture didſt thou make!
How meet a courſe did thy wiſe Mercy take?
This was the pregnant bleſſing, kept for ſtore,
Which multiply'd into a thouſand more!
Which hath run parallel with all my daies;
For which I owe thee everlaſting praiſe:
Too great for Volumes; too high for a Verſe:
And therefore endleſs Life muſt them rehearſe.

1. *A Life ſtill near to Death*, did me poſſeſs
With a deep ſenſe of Time's great preciouſneſs.
To loſe an hour I thought a greater loſs,
Than much of ſordid worldlings golden droſs.
I thought them mad that caſt their time away,
Being uncertain of another day.

That

That idly prate, and play, and feaſt, and drink,
So near Eternity's moſt dreadful brink!
With filthy, guilty Souls, unjuſtifi'd;
Undone for evermore if thus they dy'd.
O! thought I, where is theſe men's brains and ſenſe,
Who care no more whither they go from hence?
Paſtime I thought worſe than a *Bediam* word:
The Name and Thing my very Soul abhorr'd.

2. This methodiz'd my Studies to my gain;
Sham'd the contending, jingling, formal vein:
The greateſt matters it did firſt impoſe:
Neceſſity my Book and Leſſon choſe:
I ſtudy'd firſt to ſave my ſelf and others;
What edifi'd my own Soul and my Brothers:
Thence to the Branches I in order clime;
Firſt *Few and Great*, next *Many*, *Small*, *Sublime*.
I nere preferr'd to *Talk*, before, *to Eat*,
Words, before *Things*, the *Diſh* before the *Meat*:
And yet I love and value all the reſt:
My curious mind would fain have known the leaſt:
But knowing Life's too ſhort to reach to all,
I left till laſt the needleſs things and ſmall.

3. The frequent ſight of Death's moſt awful face,
Rebuk'd my ſloth, and bid me mend my pace!
Thou knew'ſt my dulneſs needed ſuch a ſpur;
So prone was I to trifle and demur.
Who dare his Soul for gain or pleaſure ſell,
That lives as in the ſight of Heav'n and Hell?

4. This call'd me out to work while it was day;
And warn poor Souls to Turn without delay:
Resolving speedily thy Word to Preach;
With *Ambrose*, I at once did Learn and Teach.
Still thinking I had little time to live,
My fervent heart to win mens Souls did strive.
I Preach'd, as never sure to Preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men!
O how should Preachers Men's Repenting crave,
Who see how near the Church is to the Grave?
And see that while we Preach and Hear, we Die,
Rapt by swift Time to vast Eternity!
What Statues, or what Hypocrites are they,
Who between sleep and wake do Preach & Pray?
As if they feared wakening the Dead!
Or were but lighting sinners to their Bed!
Who speak of Heav'n and Hell as on a Stage!
And make the Pulpit but a Parrot's Cage?
Who teach as men that care not much who learns;
And Preach in jest to men that sin in earns.
Surely God's Messenger, if any man,
Should speak with all the seriousness he can;
Who treateth in the Name of the Most High,
About the Matters of Eternity!
Who must prevail with sinners *Now* or *Never*,
As those that must be saved *Now*, if *Ever*:
When sinners endless Joy or Misery,
On the success of his endeavours lie!
Though God be free, he works by Instruments,
And wisely fitteth them to his intents.

A proud unhumbled Preacher is unmeet
To lay proud ſinners humbled at Chriſt's feet:
So are the Blind to tell men what God ſaith,
And faithleſs men to propagate the Faith.
The Dead are unfit means to raiſe the Dead;
And Enemies to give the Children Bread:
And utter ſtrangers to the Life to come,
Are not the beſt Conductors to our home:
They that yet never learn'd to *Live* and *Die*,
Will ſcarcely teach it others feelingly:
Or if they ſhould Preach others to Salvation,
Unhappy men that Preach their own Damnation.

How oft did I come down with ſhame and grief!
Not that I was ſo homely, or ſo brief;
But that my own Soul was no more awake,
And felt no more the things of which I ſpake!
That God was nam'd with no more Reverence;
Nor ſinners pitty'd with a deeper ſenſe:
That cloſer warnings did not pierce men's Ears,
Set home by greater fervency and tears:
And that my ſpeeches were ſo cold and ſleight,
About things of unutterable weight;
And that I ſpake with no more ſerioufneſs,
When Heav'n or Hell attended the ſucceſs:
As one that ſees by Faith the *Joyes* and *Woes*,
To which the godly and the wicked goes.
O *my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?*
How ſhould we prize and ſeek the Joyes above?

Thy

Thy Methods croſt my waies: my young deſire
To Academick Glory did aſpire:
Fain I'd have ſate in ſuch a Nurſes Lap,
Where I might long have had a ſluggard's nap:
Or have been dandled on her Reverend Knees;
And known by honour'd Titles and Degrees;
And there have ſpent the flower of my daies,
In ſoaring in the Air of humane praiſe:
Yea and I thought it needful to *thy* Ends,
To make the prejudiced world my friends;
That ſo *my praiſe* might go before *thy grace*,
Preparing men the Meſſage to embrace;
Alſo my work and Office to adorn,
And to avoid prophane contempt and ſcorn.
But theſe were not thy thoughts; thou didſt foreſee
That ſuch a courſe would not be beſt for me:
Thou mad'ſt me know that mens contempt & ſcorn
Is ſuch a Croſs as muſt be daily born:
Thy Mercy would not have me ſplendid droſs;
A Miniſter of *Pomp*; but of the *Croſs*:
That Croſs which Hypocrites may *Preach* & *Hear*,
But all that follow Chriſt muſt alſo *bear*.
No Honour muſt I have to bring to thee,
But what thou firſt communicat'ſt to me.
In founding of thy Church, thou didſt declare
How well all worldly Honours thou couldſt ſpare!
Both in the Chief moſt bleſſed Corner Stone,
And in the moſt of thoſe that built thereon:
And what great ſwelling Names have done ſince then,
Church-Rents and Ruines write without a Pen:

High

High Titles as the first inchanting Cup,
Cast down the Church by lifting of it up.
Titles reflect on Minds. These must be low:
By humble Love all must thy Servants know:
Yet I deny not but a perfect mind,
May more advantage here than danger find:
Thy Soil is oft manured by such dung.
I'le Honour give to whom it doth belong:
It may be safe to others; but to me
'Twas best from such Temptations to be free:
Let my preferment lye in *serving all*:
While I sit low, I have not far to fall.
Keep me from the *Temptations* of the Devil!
For *so* thou dost *deliver us from Evil*.
My youthful Pride and Folly now I see,
That grudg'd for want of Titles and Degree.
That blush'd with shame when this defect was known,
And an inglorious Name could hardly own,
Attempting to have hid it twice or thrice,
With vile equivocations next to lies.
And to thy Methods was unreconcil'd,
Because I was not *Rabbi*, Doctor, styl'd.
Forgive this Pride; and break the Serpent's brain;
Pluck up the poisonous Root, till none remain.
Give me the Wisdom; I'le not beg the Fame:
Grant me the thing; let others take the name.
Give me the Learning, and it is no harm,
If thou shalt place me in the lowest Form.
Honours are shadows, which from seekers fly;
But follow after those who them deny.

I brought

I brought none with me to thy work; but there
I found more than I easily could bear:
Although thou wouldst not give me what I would, *Matth.* 20. *v.* 21.
Thou gavest me the promis'd hundred-fold. *Matth.* 19. *v.* 29.

O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Thy wayes, not ours, lead to the Joyes above.

The

The Third Part.

THE wondrous Mercy of my bounteous Lord,
Wch sent me forth to Preach his sacred Word,
Prepar'd my way, and call'd me to the place,
Where I must first proclaim his Saving Grace:
All things thou suitedst fitly to my need,
Giving me freedom, season, ground and seed:
Poor thirsty Souls, attend with greedy Ear,
Crowding in multitudes thy Word to hear:
Thy Mercy opening so wide a door,
Gave some first-fruits betimes, and hopes of more;

The various places where my Lot did fall,
Were all appointed to me by thy Call.
I never was to any of them brought,
By the Direction of my own forethought:
Much less was ever any by me sought;
And least of all, by price or bargain bought.
I nere found cause of one place to repent;
(Although my sins in all I must lament.)
None were foreseen; yet after seen to reason,
To be the fittest for the work and season.

But

But among all, none did so much abound,
With fruitful mercies, as that barren ground,
Where I did make my best and longest stay,
And bore the heat and burden of the day;
Mercies grew thicker there than Summer flowers:
They over-numbered my daies and hours:
There was my dearest Flock, and special Charge.
Our hearts in mutual love thou didst enlarge:
'Twas there that mercy did my Labours bless;
With the most great and wonderful success.

Yet there were Sons of *Belial*, whose rage
Reason with Truth and Love could not asswage:
Who Lov'd and Hated, just as Satan bid them;
Rul'd by the Reins of Lust by him that rid them:
In swinish drunkenness they drowned their wits:
Most furious in their rude tumultuous fits.
As Boars or Stags, at other times more tame,
When lustful heats their blood and brains inflame;
Fiercely assault such as stand in their way;
None's safe before them till their heats decay:
So doth the love of revellings and sport,
Poor brutish fleshly sinners so transport,
That ragingly they fly in that man's face,
Who doth by sacred Truth their sin disgrace:
And as in Armies Drums and Trumpets sound,
The frightful cries of wounded men to drownd;
And even the fearful in the furious crowd,
Are carry'd on to death through streams of blood:

So

So those ensnared Youths, who formerly,
Out of the Rout, retain'd some modesty,
Conjoyned with the Rabble did as they;
The common fury and their lusts obey:
Run with the Herd: Mirth and the Rables noise,
Drown Reasons Plea, and God's reclaiming voice:
Death is forgot: Conscience cannot be heard:
Hell and Damnation now are little fear'd:
They have their curse, & their own sentence pass:
Away with Jesus! give us *Barrabas*!
Away with Preachers, who disturb our game!
Talk not of Judgment: Let us bear the blame!
Whilst grieved Preachers can but wish & groan,
O that your day of mercy you had known!
O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?
Which looks on such with pity from above?

Now *England*'s horrid Civil Wars began,
When God a sinful Nation meant to fan.
When sin grown high & bold, out-fac'd the Light;
When Pride and Faction pleaded Divine Right.
When most their Love, & some their Patience lost;
When proud malicious men must not be crost:
When wise men seemed fools, & fools seem'd wise;
And when the worst were best in their own eyes?
When Piety with *Lazarus* was loath'd;
And Sin with Purple and fine Linnen cloath'd:
And when the sacred Tribe, despising Souls,
Through love of wealth & honor blow'd the coals!

When

When *Demas* for the World deserted *Paul*;
And their own matters were first sought by all:
When they that sought their good things in this life
Had banisht Love, & fill'd the Church with strife:
Where striving factions Charity defy'd,
And carnal Counsels did the Church divide!
When swinish Gadarens did Christ refuse,
And the prophane his servants did abuse.
When Holiness the common Foe was deem'd,
And nothing more intollerable seem'd.
When holy Truth and Preachers were despis'd;
And wicked means to cast them out devis'd!
When sin presum'd to make a mock of grace,
And folly spit reproaches in Christ's face!
When vulgar rage had found this common vent;
And impious scorn on Godliness was spent:
When sin was not so much oppos'd as God,
Then were we ready for the bloody Rod. (nam'd
When those sins reign'd that must not now be
But by Heav'ns Justice shall at last be sham'd.
When old condemned vanities and crimes,
Became the Reverend Virtues of the Times,
Then God in Judgment sate to plead his Cause,
And judge the proud despisers of his Laws.
Banish'd *Love* doth feaster'd hearts forsake:
Blindness, suspicions, wrath possession take:
Each man unto the fire his Fagot brought,
And each against another quarrels sought.
The whirlwind in the North did first arise,
And raise the dust which troubled *English* Eyes.

And though Heav'ns mercy there prevented blood,
The *Iriſh* fury ſhed a crimſon flood.
The *French* blood ſhew'd the temper of the Nation,
Their *Faith* and *Faithleſneſs* keep Moderation,
Their *Bartholomews* hot dog-daies thirſt had coſt,
*Thirty or forty thouſand lives at moſt. } * *Thuanus*, *Davila*.
But *Ireland's Romiſh* Zeal was hotter far,
And in their preparation to a War,

*Two hundred thouſand they ſurpriz'd and ſlew, } * *The Earl of* Orery's
Not that their *Will* ſo ſmall a meaſure knew. } *Anſwer to a Petition.*

But here God checkt their *Power*, & heard the cries
Of dying Innocents, which pierc'd the Skies:
England affrighted by her neighbours harm,
Threatned to be the next, takes the Allarm,
As Citizens that ſee a raging flame
Threaten the Neighhours houſes with the ſame,
Do leave their Trades, and all together run,
Trying to quench the Fire where it begun;
And then pull down the houſes which adjoyn;
Some ſeek to ſave the goods, ſome to purloin;
The well-built Piles,& curious Rooms muſt down,
To buy the Safety of the fearful Town,
A Neighbour's houſe is uſed like a Foe's,
Becauſe the Fire,the Hook, no diff'rence knows,
Fear pulleth down the next, to ſave the moſt,
And ruines more than needs, leſt all be loſt.

Smoak and confuſed crouds do blind men's eyes,
All are amaz'd, with hideous flames and crye s;
So *England*, too combuſtible before,
Seeing ſo great a flame ſo near her door,
Was frighted into ſuch Convulſion Fits,
As firſt did break her Peace, and next her Wits.
Dangers breed fears, and fears more dangers bring:
The Bees to ſave their Honey uſe their Sting;
Rowz'd in an angry Swarm they ſeek their Foe,
The next they meet muſt feel the ſmarting blow.

Cætera deſunt, præſunt, adſunt.

I purpoſed to have recited the moſt notable mercies of my Life, in continuing this Hymn of Thankſgiving to my gracious God; but the quality of the Subject, and the Ages Impatience ſtopt me here, and I could go no further, and my painful and ſpiritleſs Age is now unfit for Poetry: And the matter is ſo large, as would have made the Volume big.

The

3. The Resolution.

PSAL. 119. 96.

Written when I was Silenced and cast out, &c.

LORD, I have cast up the Account
What it will cost to come to thee:
I find to what it will amount
A serious Christian to be.
When Flesh was weighing, thou put'st in
Thy Love, and the Eternal Crown,
Against a Feather, and a Sin:
And yet it thought these weigh'd thee down.

Fool, as I was, I took its word,
And chose what *Flesh* did recommend:
How could I more have wrong'd my Lord?
Or more his Love and Name offend?
It had been wiser to have thought,
The Earth is weigh'd down by a Fly:
Than to prefer a thing of nought,
Before the Love of the *Most High.*

I see now what false Scales can do,
In a deceitful partial hand:
I will no more believe a Foe;
But to the holy Covenant stand.

1. *Will Friends turn Foes?* That cannot be:
They were my greateſt Foes before,
That would have kept my Soul from thee,
Their Malice now can do no more.

I'll bid theſe cruel Friends farewel:
Even Satan would be ſuch a Friend;
He'd pleaſe and flatter me to Hell:
And thither doth their friendſhip tend.
He wants not Friends that hath thy Love,
And may converſe, and walk with thee:
And with thy Saints *here* and above;
With whom for ever I muſt be.

In the Communion of Saints,
Is Wiſdom, Safety and Delight:
And when my heart declines and faints,
It's raiſed by their Heat and Light.
Thy Spirit in them ſpeaks and prayes:
Their ſpeech is holy, clean and quick:
Dead hearted fools talk but of toyes:
Their ſpeech and mirth even makes me ſick.

2. *Muſt Lies and ſlanders me defame?*
That Innocence may not be known?
Muſt proud men's malice blot my Name,
With Epithets that are their own?
Thou juſtifi'ſt when *Men* accuſe,
Thou'lt anſwer all the ſpite of tongues;
And do them right whom men abuſe,
And plenteouſly repair their wrongs.

It's

It's no great matter what *Men* deem,
Whether they count me good or bad!
In their applauſe and beſt eſteem,
There's no contentment to be had.
I ſtand not to the Bar of Man;
It's thy diſpleaſure makes me ſad:
My thoughts and actions thou wilt ſcan:
If thou approve me I am glad.

3. *Muſt I before the Ruling Power,*
Be call'd with ſhame to plead my Cauſe?
And judged as an evil doer,
And as a breaker of their Laws?
So was the Lord of Life accus'd,
Slander'd and ſcorn'd with cruel ſpight:
And as a Malefactor us'd,
And one that claimed *Cæſar*'s right.

Falſe witneſs cloudeth Innocence:
Truth ſeemeth conquer'd by a Lie.
Patience forbears a juſt defence;
And Life it ſelf is judg'd to die.
Methinks I ſee thee cloath'd with ſcorn;
And ſpit upon, and buffeted;
And crowned with the piercing Thorn;
Away to Execution led.

It moſt amazeth me to think,
Thou bareſt the repute of *Sin*!
The bitter Cup which thou didſt drink,
Had nothing bitterer therein.

The Sun did well to hide his face,
When *Sin* did *Righteousneſs* eclipſe:
And the moſt Juſt is with diſgrace
A *Sinner* judg'd by ſinners lips.

Thy ſteps, Lord, in this dirt I ſee;
And leſt my Soul from God ſhould ſtray,
I'll bear my Croſs and follow thee;
Let others chuſe the fairer way.
My face is meeter for the Spit;
I am more ſuitable to ſhame;
And to the taunts of ſcornful wit:
It's no great matter for my Name.

4. *Muſt I be driven from my Books?*
From Houſe, and Goods, and deareſt Friends?
One of thy ſweet and gracious looks,
For more than this will make amends.
The World's thy Book: There I can read,
Thy Power, Wiſdom, and thy Love:
And thence aſcend by Faith, and feed
Upon the better things above.

I'll read thy works of Providence:
Thy Spirit, Conſcience, and thy Rod
Can teach without book all the ſenſe,
To know the World, my Self, and God.
Few Books may ſerve, when *Thou* wilt teach:
Many have ſtoln my precious time:
I'll leave my Books to hear thee Preach:
Church-work is beſt when thou doſt chime.

As for *my House*, it was my Tent,
While there I waited on thy Flock:
That work is done; that time is ſpent:
There neither was my *Home* nor *Stock*.
Would I in all my Journey have
Still the *ſame Inn* and *Furniture*?
Or eaſe and pleaſant dwellings crave,
Forgetting what thy Saints endure?

My Lord hath taught me how to want
A place wherein to put my head:
While he is mine, I'll be content,
To beg or lack my daily bread.
Heav'n is my roof, Earth is my floor:
Thy Love can keep me dry and warm:
Chriſt and thy Bounty are my ſtore:
Thy Angels guard me from all harm.

As for *my Friends*, they are not loſt:
The ſeveral Veſſels of thy Fleet,
Though parted now by Tempeſts toſt,
Shall ſafely in the Haven meet.
Still we are centred all in thee;
Members though diſtant, of one Head:
In the ſame Family we be
By the ſame Faith and Spirit led.

Before thy Throne we daily meet,
As Joynt-Petitioners to thee:
In ſpirit we each other greet,
And ſhall again each other ſee.

The Heavenly Hosts world without end
Shall be my company above :
And thou my Best and Sureſt Friend :
Who ſhall divide me from thy Love ?

5. *Muſt I forſake the Soil and Air,*
Where firſt I drew my vital breath ?
That way may be as near and fair :
Thence I may come to thee by death.
All Countries are my Father's Lands :
Thy Sun, thy Love doth ſhine on all :
We may in all lift up pure hands,
And with acceptance on thee call.

Thoſe baniſh'd are that go from *thee,*
Strange to thy Service, Love and Grace :
And, loſt in ſin, do never ſee
Thy Kingdom, and thy pleaſed face.
May but my Soul dwell near my God,
And walk with him in Faith and Love,
No matter where be my abode,
Till to his Glory I remove.

6. *What if in Priſon I muſt dwell ?*
May I not *there* converſe with thee ?
Save me from ſin, thy wrath, and Hell,
Call me thy Child ; and I am *free.*
No walls or bars can keep thee out :
None can confine a holy Soul :
The Streets of Heav'n it walks about ;
None can its Liberty controul.

Alas,

Alas, my darkened mind is chain'd
To Earth and Fleſh through unbelief!
It looks and longs by diſtance pain'd:
When wilt thou hear and ſend relief?
O looſe theſe Chains of Sin and Fleſh!
Enlarge my heart in thy Commands:
Could I but love thee as I wiſh,
How light would be all other bands?

7. *Muſt I feel Sickneſſes and ſmart,*
And ſpend my daies and nights in pain?
Yet if thy Love refreſh my heart,
I need not overmuch complain.
This Fleſh hath drawn my Soul to ſin;
If it muſt ſmart, Thy Will be done!
O fill me with thy Joyes within,
And then I'll let it grieve alone.

Then to its ſufferings I'll conſent
To be avenged on my Foe,
That pain may help me to repent,
And ſin may be conſum'd by woe.
Pain will be ſhort; Joyes will be long.
Yet, Lord, remember man is weak!
Drop in thy Cordials: make me ſtrong,
Leſt heart and hope, with Fleſh ſhould break.

8. *I know my Fleſh muſt turn to duſt,*
My parted Soul muſt come to thee,
And undergo thy Judgment juſt,
And in the endleſs world muſt be.

In

In this there's moſt of *Fear* and *Joy*,
Becauſe there's moſt of *Sin* and *Grace*,
Sin will this mortal frame deſtroy,
But Chriſt will bring me to thy face.

Here's Faith's great Tryal: Pain may force;
And Pride may willingneſs pretend;
A ſtupid Fool die like his Horſe,
And Heathens make a Beaſt-like end.
Frail ſinful Fleſh is loth to die:
Senſe to the unſeen world is ſtrange:
The doubting Soul dreads the Moſt High,
And trembleth at ſo great a change.

Yet Faith can ſee beyond the Skies,
Where now our Head in Glory is:
And above Fleſh and Senſe can riſe,
Unto the World of Saints in bliſs.
Cleanſing the Soul from Fleſh and Sin,
Abſtracting it from things below;
It draws the Veil, and entering in,
Love's glorious Myſteries can know.

Put forth thy *Beams* and *Hand* of Grace:
Open mine *Eyes*: *Take up* my *Heart*:
Acquaint it with the Holy Place,
The Joyes and Glory where thou art.
O let me not be ſtrange at home!
Strange to the *Sun*, and *Life* of Souls:
Chooſing this low and darkened Room;
Familiar with Worms and Moles!

Shall

Shall I be ſtrange unto my Head?
The World of Knowledge, Love and Joyes?
Converſing here among the Dead,
And taken up with Dreams and Toyes?
And ſtrange to Angels, who attend
On Man, and in his good delight;
And, though unſeen, do us defend;
Miniſtring for us day and night?

Am I the firſt that go this way?
How many Saints are gone before?
How many enter every day
Into thy Kingdom by this door?
Chriſt was once dead, and in a Grave:
Yet conquer'd Death, and roſe again:
And by this Method he will ſave
His Servants that with him ſhall Reign.

Shall I draw back and fear the End
Of all my Sorrows, Tears and Pain?
To which my Life and Labours tend,
Without which all had been in vain?
Can I for ever be content
Without true Happineſs and Reſt?
Is Earth become ſo excellent,
That I ſhould take it for my beſt?

Or can I think of finding here
That which my Soul ſo long hath ſought?
Should I refuſe thoſe Joyes through fear,
Which bounteous Love ſo dearly bought?

All

All that doth taſt of Heav'n is good:
When Heavenly *Light* doth me inform;
When Heavenly *Life* ſtirs in my Blood;
When Heavenly *Love* my Heart doth warm.

No wonder if Time's womb be ſtreight,
And Souls through pain and ſtrangeneſs go
Into the glorious World of Light,
Which Death tranſlateth them unto.
This ſtrangeneſs will be quickly over,
When once the Heaven-born Soul is there:
One ſight of God will it recover
From all this backwardneſs and fear.

To us, Chriſt's loweſt parts; his feet,
Union and *Faith* muſt yet ſuffice,
To guide and comfort us: It's meet
We truſt our Head who hath our Eyes.
Chriſt *ſeeth* all that I would ſee:
The *Way* and *End* to *Him* are known:
He hath prepar'd the Place for me:
He'l Love and Uſe me as *his Own*.

How many guiltleſs creatures die,
To be a feaſt or food for me?
Who love their Lives as well as I?
And hath not God more right to me?
Muſt I be priviledg'd alone?
Or no man Die until he pleaſe?
And God depoſed from his Throne,
And humane generation ceaſe?

Though

Though all these Reasons I can see,
  Why I should willingly submit,
And comfortably come to thee;
  My God, thou must accomplish it.
The Love which fill'd up all my daies,
  Will not forsake me to the end:
This broken Body thou wilt raise:
  My Spirit I to thee commend.

Decemb. 3. 1663.

4. Divine Love's Rest.

(Written on *Herbet*'s Poems.)

THe amorous Needle knows no other REST,
But at its dear attractive Loadstone's breast.
Though lying dead before the Potent touch,
Its Object and Affection were not such.
The Oily Body married to a Spark,
Which some cold Flint had lockt up in the dark,
By the unseen Hot Soul is made so bright,
As if in it that Soul appear'd to sight;
Which in revenge for its restraint and toil,
Still working upwards, wasts the loving Oil;

Having

Having a higher Love, is not content,
Until it reach its proper Element.
Thus Heav'n-born Souls, but lately dead in ſin;
By Faith and Love the heavenly Life begin:
And daily mounting upwards, take their flight,
From Fleſh and Earth unto the World of Light:
Where Darkneſs, Sin or Grief ſhall never enter:
Where all the Saints are one in God their Center.
Where Love reveals it ſelf with open face,
Raviſhing Souls prepar'd by Saving Grace.
Love is their Kingdom: it's a world of Love,
Which they were hatcht for by the holy Dove.
Here he is kindling the cœleſtial fire,
Which knows its riſe, and doth to God aſpire;
God who is all, ſhall there have all my ſtore;
And yet my Friends have not the leſs, but more:
Love is now panting, groaning in my breaſt:
Love will be then my Soul's Eternal Feaſt.
Love now ſalutes us in the Goſpel ſtory:
But then Eternal Love will be our Glory.
Up then, my Soul, and ſwiftly Heavenward tend,
Where Love ſhall have no cheek, no bounds, no end.

5. On

5. On *David's* Pſalms.

MY God! ſince firſt thy Love this heart did touch;
It ſaith, I cannot love my God too much.
It looketh up, and panteth for that Grace,
Which may exalt it, and unveil thy face.
Darkneſs and *Diſtance* are its grievous Chains;
Sad doubts and fears do feed its griping pains.
It ſighs, and wonders thou canſt be ſo ſtrange;
Where thou haſt freely made ſo great a change.
Long it hath ſearch't in hope to find the Art,
To raiſe and warm a dull and heavy Heart:
And now I find it practiſed by One,
That now is praiſing thee before thy Throne.
Here are the ſacred words: Here's *David's* Lyre:
But where's the quickening cœleſtial fire?
I know the Eye of Heav'n is on my *Heart*:
God looks my Soul ſhould bear the chiefeſt part.
It's winged Faith, and flaming Love within,
That muſt the pleaſant Melody begin:
The holy Spirit muſt tune and touch each ſtring;
Elſe ſmootheſt Verſe will be a harſh dull thing;
Diſplay thy Love; ſhoot down thy vital Raies!
Teach this cold heart the works of Love & Praiſe!
O then, what Life and Joy theſe Pſalms will bring,
When it's thy Spirit, and my Soul that ſing!
And though low ſtreins with ſtops, are here my beſt,
Yet Perfect Love and Praiſe ſhall be my REST.

6. The

6. The Threefold Nativity.

Prima dies hominem peperit, ſanctumque ſecunda
Natalis : pariet Mors tertia glorificatum.

MY *firſt* Birth-day brought forth a *Man*, in ſin:
But one that could not work, nor go, nor ſpeak.
My *ſecond* did a Life of Grace begin,
But ſuch, alas, as yet's diſeas'd and weak.
The *third* from fleſhly bonds will me releaſe,
And bring me to the world of glorious Light:
Where all my ſins and vexing griefs ſhall ceaſe;
And Faith ſhall end in perfect *Love* and *Sight*.
This *Death begins*; but 'tis the Reſurrection,
That fully ſhall obliterate ſins ſtory;
And ſtate both Soul and Body in perfection,
Where *Grace* and *Nature* ſhall be crown'd with *Glory*.

As *Nature* taught me firſt complaining cryes,
Before it did acquaint me with Delight:
So *Grace* with grief firſt fill'd my Heart and Eyes,
Before it ſhewed me the joyful ſight.
Why ſhould not Death then be a ſtraiter Door,
Than either that of *Nature* or of *Grace*?
Which brings us unto the Eternal Store,
Of Joy and Glory in God's ſhining face?

7. Self-Denial.

A Dialogue between the *Flesh* & the *Spirit*.

Flesh.

WHat! become Nothing! ne're perswade me to it.
God made me Something: and I'le not undo it.

Spirit.

Thy Something is not thine, but his that gave it.
Resign it to him, if thou mean to save it.

Flesh.

God gave me Life: and shall I choose to die
Before my time? or pine in misery?

Spirit.

God is thy Life: If then thou fearest death;
Let him be all thy soul, thy pulse, and breath.

Flesh.

What! must I hate my self? when as my brother
Must love me? and I may not hate another?

Spirit.

Loath what is loathsom: Love God in the rest:
He truly love's himself, that love's God best.

Flesh.

Doth God our ease and pleasure to us grudge?
Or doth Religion make a man a drudge?

Spirit.

That is thy Poyson which thou calleſt Pleaſure:
And that thy drudgery which thou count'ſt thy (treaſure.

Fleſh.

Who can endure to be thus mewed up?
And under Laws for every bit and cup?

Spirit.

God's Cage is better than the Wilderneſs.
When Winter comes, Liberty brings diſtreſs.

Fleſh.

Pleaſure's mans Happineſs: The Will's not free
To chooſe our miſery: This cannot be.

Spirit.

God is mans End: with him are higheſt joyes:
Senſual pleaſures are but dreams and toyes.
Should ſin ſeem ſweet? Is Satan turn'd thy friend?
Will not thy ſweet prove bitter in the end?
Haſt thou found ſweeter pleaſures than Gods Love
Is a fools laughter like the Joyes above?
Beauty ſurpaſſeth all deceitful paints:
What's empty mirth to the delights of Saints?
God would not have thee have leſs joy, but more:
And therefore ſhew's thee the eternal ſtore.

Fleſh.

Who can love baſeneſs, poverty and want?
And under piming ſickneſs be content?

Spirit.

He that hath laid his treaſure up above
And plac't his portion only in Gods love:

That waits for Glory when his life is done :
This man will be content with God alone.

Flesh.

What good will sorrow do us ? Is not mirth
Fitter to warm a cold heart here on earth ?
Troubles will come whether we will or no :
I'le never banish pleasure, and choose wo.

Spirit.

Then choose not sin: touch not forbidden things:
Taste not the sweet that endless sorrow brings.
If thou love pleasure, take in God thy fill :
Look not for lasting joyes in doing ill.

Flesh.

Affliction's bitter : life will soon be done:
Pleasure shall be my part ere all be gone.

Spirit.

Prosperity is barren : all men say
The soil is best where there's the deepest way.
Life is for work, and not to spend in play.
Now sow thy seed : labour while it is day.
The Huntsman seeks his game in barren plains :
Dirty land answers best the Plowmans pains.
Passengers care not so the way be fair ;
Husbandmen would have the best ground and air
First think what's safe and fruitful ; There's no pleasure
Like the beholding of thy chiefest Treasure.

Flesh.

Nature made me a Man, and gave me sense :
Changing of Nature is a vain pretence :

It taught me to love women, honour, ease,
And every thing that doth my ſenſes pleaſe.

Spirit.

Nature hath made thee Rational; and Reaſon
Muſt rule the ſenſe, in ends, degrees and ſeaſon.
Reaſon's the Rider; Senſe is but the Horſe:
Which then is fitteſt to direct thy courſe?
Give up the reins, and thou becom'ſt a beaſt;
Thy fall at death will ſadly end thy feaſt.

Fleſh.

Religion it a dull and heavy thing,
Whereas a merry Cup will make me ſing.
Love's entertainments warm both heart and brain:
And wind my fancy to the higheſt ſtrain.

Spirit.

Cupid hath ſtuck a Feather in thy Cap;
And lull'd thee dead aſleep on *Venus* lap:
Thy brains are tipled with ſome wantons eyes:
Thy Reaſon is become Luſt's ſacrifice.
Playing a game at Folly, thou haſt loſt
Thy wit, and ſoul, and winneſt to thy coſt.
Thy Soul now in a filthy channel lies,
While fancy ſeems to ſoar above the Skies.
Beauty will ſoon be ſtinking loathſom Earth:
Sickneſs and Death marr all the wanton's mirth.
It is not all that pleaſure thou canſt find.
Will countervail the ſting that's left behind.
Blind, brutiſh Souls! that cannot love their God!
And yet can dote on a defiled clod!

Fle

Flesh.

Why should I think of what will be to morrow?
An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.

Spirit.

But where's that mirth when sorrows overtake thee?
Will it then hold when Life and God forsake thee?
Forgetting Death or Hell will not prevent it:
Now lose thy day, thou'lt then too late repent it.

Flesh.

Must I be pain'd and wronged, and not feel?
As if my heart were made of flint or steel?

Spirit.

Dost thou delight to feel thy hurt and smart?
Would not an Antidote preserve thy heart?
Impatience is but self-tormenting folly:
Patience is cordial, easie, sweet and holy.
Is not that better which turns grief to peace,
Than that which doth thy misery encrease?

Flesh.

When sport, and wine, and beauty do invite,
Who is it whom such baits will not incite?

Spirit.

He that perceives the hook and sees the end,
Whither it is that fleshly Pleasures tend.
He that by faith hath seen both Heav'n and Hell,
And what sin costeth at the last can tell:
He that hath try'd and tasted better things,
And felt that love from which all pleasure springs.
They that still watch, and for Christs coming wait,
Can turn away from, or despise the bait.

Flesh.

Must I be made the foot-ball of disdain?
And call'd a precise fool or Puritane?

Spirit.

Remember him that did despise the shame,
And for thy sake bore undeserved blame.
Thy journey's of small moment if thou stay
Because dogs bark, or stones lie in the way.
If life lay on it, wouldst thou turn again,
For the winds blowing or a little rain?
Is this thy greatest love to thy dear Lord?
That canst not for his sake bear a foul word?
Wilt thou not bear for him a scorners breath,
That underwent for thee a cursed death?
Is not Heav'n worth the bearing of a flout?
Then blame not Justice when it shuts thee out.
Will these deriders stand to what they say,
And own their words at the great dreadful day?
Then they'd be glad, when wrath shall overtake them,
To eat their words, and say they never spake them.

Flesh.

How? Forsake all! Ne're mention it more to me
I'le be of no Religion to undo me.

Spirit.

Is it not thine more in thy Fathers hand,
Then when it is laid out at sins command?
And is that sav'd that's spent upon thy lust
Or which must be a prey to thieves or rust?
And wouldst thou have thy riches in thy way,
Where thou art passing on and canst not stay?

And is that soft that's sent to Heav'n before?
Hadst thou not rather have thy friends and store,
Where thou maist dwell for ever, in the light
Of that long glorious day that fears no night?

Flesh.

But who can willingly submit to Death,
Which will bereave us of our life and breath;
That laies our flesh to rot in loathsom graves,
Where brains and eyes were, leaves but ugly caves?

Spirit.

So nature breaks and casts away the shell,
Where the now-beauteous singing bird did dwell:
The secundine that once the infant cloath'd,
After the birth, is cast away and loath'd.
Thus Roses drop there sweet leaves under-foot;
But the Spring shew's that life was in the root.
Souls are the Roots of Bodies: Christ the Head
Is Root of both, and will revive the dead.
Our Sun still shineth when with us it's night:
When he return's, we shall shine in his light.
Souls that behold and praise God with the Just,
Mourn not because their bodies are but dust.
Graves are but beds where flesh till morning sleep's;
Or Chests where God a while our garments keeps.
Our folly thinks he spoils them in the keeping;
Which causeth our excessive fears and weeping:
But God that doth our rising day foresee:
Pitties not rotting flesh so much as we.
The birth of Nature was deform'd by sin:
The birth of Grace did our repair begin.

The birth of Glory at the Resurrection
Finisheth all, and brings both to perfection.
Why should not fruit when it is mellow fall?
Why would we linger here when God doth call?

Flesh.

The things and persons in this world I see,
But after death I know not what will be.

Spirit.

Know'st thou not that wch God himself hath spoken?
Thou hast his promise which was never broken.
Reason proclaims that noble heav'n-born Souls,
Are made for higher things than Worms & Moles
God hath not made such faculties in vain,
Nor made his Service a deluding pain.
But Faith resolves all doubts, and hears the Lord
Telling us plainly by his holy Word,
That uncloath'd Souls shall with their Savior dwell,
Triumphing over Sin, and Death, and Hell.
And by the Power of Almighty Love,
Stars shall arise from graves to shine above.
There we shall see the glorious face of God:
His blessed presence shall be our abode:
The face that banisheth all doubts and fears,
Shuts out all sins, and dryeth up all tears.
That face which darkeneth the Sun's bright rayes,
Shall shine us into everlasting joyes.
Where Saints and Angels shall make up one Chore,
To praise the Great *Jehovah* evermore.

Flesh.

Flesh.

Reason not with me against sight and sense:
I doubt all this is but a vain pretence.
Words against Nature are not worth a rush:
One Bird in hand is worth two in the bush.
If God will give me Heav'n at last, I'le take it:
But for my Pleasure here I'le not forsake it.

Spirit.

And wilt thou keep it? brutish flesh how long?
Wilt thou not shortly sing another Song?
When Conscience is awakened, keep thy mirth!
When sickness & death comes, hold fast this earth:
Live if thou canst when God saith, Come away:
Try whether all thy friends can cause thy stay.
Wilt thou tell Death and God, thou wilt not die?
And wilt thou the consuming fire defie?
Art thou not sure to let go what thou hast?
And doth not Reason bid thee then forecast,
And value the least hope of endless Joyes,
Before known vanities, and dying toyes?
And can the Lord that is most just and wise,
Found all man's duty in deceit and lies?

Get thee behind me Satan; thou dost savour,
The things of Flesh, and not his dearest favour,
Who is my Life, and Light, and Love, and All,
And so shall be whatever shall befall.
It is not *thou*, but I that must *discern*,
And must *Resolve*: It's I that hold the stern;

Re

Be silent *Flesh*; speak not against my God;
Or else hee'l teach thee better by the rod.
I am resolved thou shalt live and die,
A servant, or a conquered enemy.

LOrd charge not on me what this rebell sayes,
That always was against me and thy wayes!
Now stop its mouth by Grace, that shortly must
Through just but gainful death, be stopt with dust.
The thoughts and words of Flesh are none of mine:
Let Flesh say what it will, I will be thine.
Whatever this rebellious Flesh shall prate,
Let me but serve thee Lord, at any rate.
Use me on earth as seemeth good to thee,
So I in Heav'n thy Glorious face may see.
Take down my Pride; let me dwell at thy feet:
The humble are for earth and heav'n most meet
Renouncing Flesh, I Vow my self to thee,
With all the Talents thou hast lent to me.
Let me not stick at honour, wealth or blood:
Let all my dayes be spent in doing good.
Let me not trifle out more precious hours;
But serve thee now with all my strength and powers.
If Flesh should tempt me to deny my hand;
Lord these are the Resolves to which I stand,

Richard Baxter.

Octob. 29.
1659.

8. The

8. The Prayer of the Sick, in a Case like *Hezekiahs*.

To the Tune of the 51 *Psalm*.

The First Part.

1. ETernal God, whose name is Love;
Whose mercy is my hope and stay:
O hear and help me from above,
That in distress to thee do pray.
Ashamed to lift up my face,
Hence from the dust to thee I cry:
Though I have sinn'd against thy Grace,
Yet unto it alone I fly.

2. I was at first in sin conceiv'd,
Then liv'd a vain and sinful life:
Rebellious flesh which I receiv'd
Is still against thy Grace in strife.
Long it was Lord, alas too long,
Before I knew my self or thee:
Vanity rul'd my heart and tongue:
And O that yet my Soul were free!

3. But

3. But while I sinned thou wast kind,
And sent'st thy Word and Spirit of Grace;
Thy Light did change my darkened mind,
And shewed me my wretched case.
Though I drew back, thou didst prevail;
And I gave up my self to thee.
Thou undertook'st for wind and sail;
Both Ship and Pilot thou would'st be.

4. I turn'd my back on worldly toyes;
And set my face toward Glory's Shore;
Where thou hast promis'd highest Joyes,
And Blessedness for evermore.
I took my leave of Sin and Earth;
What I had lov'd, I now did hate;
Ashamed of my former birth,
I gave my Life a newer date.

5. But since that time how am I tost?
Afraid of every storm and wave:
Almost concluding I am lost,
As if thou would'st not help and save.
If I look out beyond thine Ark,
Nothing but raging Seas I see:
On this side Heav'ns all's deep and dark:
But I look further unto thee.

6. Censures and scorns, and frowns I bear:
Storms which before I never found;
And yet all these I should not fear,
If all at home were safe and sound.

But thy displeasure wounds my heart:
I have but two parts Flesh and Soul:
Both of thy wrath do bear their part;
And thou hast left me neither whole.

The Second Part.

7. All this is just, Lord, I confess;
I staid too long ere I came in;
And how should healing grace do less,
When I brought with me so much sin?
Much Pride and Vanity I kept:
Too oft my heart was looking back:
Though God stood by me, yet I slept:
Heav'n was at hand; yet I grew slack.

Spare Lord, and pity thy poor dust!
That fled into thy Ark for Peace!
O cause my Soul on thee to trust!
And do not my distress increase.
O keep up life and peace within!
If I must feel thy chastening Rod;
Yet kill not me, but kill my sin;
And let me know, thou art *My God.*

9. Folly dwelt in my childish breast;
Sin rob'd me of my youthful daies:
Let not thy wrath cut off the rest,
And stifle thine intended praise.

While

Whilſt I forgot thee, thou didſt bear:
Thy kindneſs did invite me home:
O rack me not with grief and fear!
Kill me not Lord, now I am come.

10. The ſilent Duſt ſpeaks not thy fame:
Nor in dark Graves-art thou renown'd:
The living Saints declare thy Name,
And in thy Church thy Praiſes ſound.
Yet let me with thy houſhold dwell;
Though I be numbred with thy Poor:
And with thy Saints thy Wonders tell,
Although I ſit behind thy door.

11. Set not thy ſtrength againſt frail man:
O turn not yet this fleſh to Clay!
My life, thou know'ſt, is but a ſpan,
If I ſhould ſee the longeſt day.
Break me not all to pieces Lord;
Or elſe, let each piece have a tongue,
To cry, till thou relief afford;
But not to ſay, Thou doſt me wrong.

12. Pity this poor unworthy Soul,
That here devotes it ſelf to thee:
Reſolve my doubts; my fears controul;
And let me thy Salvation ſee.
O let that Love which gave me groans,
And taught my needy Soul to pray,
Remove my fears, and hear the moans
Which ſorrow breaths forth night and day.

The

The Third Part.

13. Why art thou, fainting Soul, caſt down?
And thus diſquieted with fears?
Art thou not paſſing to thy Crown,
Through ſtorms of pain, and floods of tears?
Fear not, O thou of little Faith!
Art thou not in thy Saviour's hand?
Remember what his promiſe ſaith:
Life and Death are at his command.

14. To him I did my ſelf entruſt,
When firſt I did for Heav'n imbark:
And he hath proved kind and juſt:
Still I am with him in his Ark.
Could'ſt thou expect to ſee no Seas?
Nor feel no toſſing wind or wave?
It is enough that from all theſe
Thy faithful Pilot will thee ſave.

15. Lord let me not my Covenant break:
Once I did all to thee reſign:
Only the words of comfort ſpeak,
And tell my Soul that *I am thine.*
It's no Death when Souls hence depart,
If thou depart not from the Soul:
Fill with thy Love my fainting heart,
And I'll not fading fleſh condole.

16. Health

16. Health is but Sickneſs with thy frowns:
Life with thy wrath is worſe than Death:
My comforts thy diſpleaſure drowns,
And into groans tunes all my breath.
Where is that Faith, and Hope, and Love,
By which thou markeſt all thy Saints?
Thy Joyes would all my griefs remove,
And raiſe this heart that daily faints.

17. Am I the *Jonas*? doſt thou mean
To caſt me out into the deep?
It ſhall not drown, but make me clean:
Until thou raiſe me, there I'll ſleep.
O Death! where is thy poiſonous ſting?
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
Thy duſt ſhall ſhortly riſe, and ſing
God's Praiſe above the Starry Sky.

18. My God, my Love, my Hope, my Life!
Shall I be loth to ſee thy face?
As if this world of ſin and ſtrife,
Were for my Soul a better place?
O give my Soul ſome ſweet foretaſt
Of that which I ſhall ſhortly ſee!
Let Faith and Love cry to the laſt,
Come Lord, I truſt my ſelf with thee.

John 11. 14. or 16.
O let not unbelieving Thomas *words*
Be now my anſwer: But my dearеſt Lord!
Amen.

9. The

9. The Covenant and Confidence of Faith.

To the common Tunes.

1. My whole, though broken heart, O Lord!
From henceforth shall be thine:
And here I do my Vow record:
This hand, these words are mine.
All that I have, without reserve,
I offer here to thee:
Thy Will and Honour all shall serve,
That thou bestow'dst on me.

2. All that exceptions save I lose:
All that I lose I save:
The treasure of thy Love I choose;
And *Thou* art *All* I crave.
My God, thou hast my heart and hand:
I all to thee resign.
I'll ever to this Covenant stand,
Though flesh hereat repine.

3. I know that thou wast willing first;
And then mad'st me consent:
Having thus lov'd me at the worst,
Thou wilt not now repent.

Now I have quit all *Self-pretence*,
Take charge of what's thine own !
My Life, my Health, and my Defence,
Now lie on thee alone.

4. Now it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live :
To love and ſerve thee is my ſhare :
And this thy grace muſt give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey :
If ſhort ; yet why ſhould I be ſad,
That ſhall have the ſame pay.

5. If Death ſhall bruiſe this ſpringing ſeed,
Before it come to fruit ;
The Will with thee goes for the Deed ;
Thy life was in the root.
Long life is a long grief and toil,
And multiplieth faults :
In long wars he may have the foil,
That ſcapes in ſhort aſſaults.

6. Would I long bear my heavy load ?
And keep my ſorrows long ?
Would I long ſin againſt my God ?
And his dear mercy wrong ?
How much is ſinful Fleſh my Foe,
That doth my ſoul pervert ;
To linger here in ſin and woe,
And ſteals from God my heart ?

7. Christ leads me through no darker rooms,
Than he went through before:
He that into God's Kingdom comes,
Must enter by this Door.
Come Lord, when Grace hath made me meet,
Thy blessed Face to see:
For if thy work on Earth be sweet,
What will thy Glory be?

8. Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful daies;
And joyn with the triumphant Saints,
That sing *Jehovah's* Praise.
My Knowledge of that Life is small;
The Eye of Faith is dim:
But it's enough that Christ knows all;
And I shall be with him.

This Covenant my Dear Wife in her former Sickness subscribed with a cheerful will.

Joh. 12. 26.

10. A Psalm of Praise.

To the Tune of the 148 *Psalm.*

1. YE holy Angels bright,
Which stand before God's Throne,
And dwell in glorious Light,
Praise ye the Lord each one.
You there so nigh
Are much more meet
Than we the least,
For things so high.

2. You blessed Souls at Rest,
That see your Saviour's face,
Whose Glory, even the least
Is far above our Grace;
God's Praises sound,
As in his sight,
With sweet delight,
You do abound.

3. All Nations of the Earth,
Extol the World's Great King:
With Melody and Mirth,
His glorious Praises sing.

For

For he still reigns;
And will bring low,
The proudest Foe,
That him disdains.

4. Sing forth *Jehovah*'s Praise,
Ye Saints that on him call:
Magnifie him alwaies,
His holy Churches all:
In him rejoyce;
And there proclaim
His Holy Name,
With sounding voice.

5. My Soul, bear thou thy part:
Triumph in God above:
With a well-tuned heart,
Sing thou the Songs of Love.
Thou art his own,
Whose precious Blood
Shed for thy good,
His Love made known.

6. He did in Loves begin,
Renewing thee by Grace;
Forgiving all thy sin,
Shew'd thee his pleased face,
He did thee heal,
By his Son's Merit,
And by his Spirit,
For Glory Seal.

7. In ſaddeſt thoughts and grief,
In ſickneſs, fears and pain,
I cry'd for his relief,
And it was not in vain.
He heard with ſpeed;
And ſtill I found
Mercy abound,
In time of need.

8. Let not his Praiſes grow,
On proſperous heights alone:
But in the Vales below,
Let his great Love be known.
Let no diſtreſs,
Curb and controul,
My winged Soul,
And praiſe ſuppreſs.

9. Let not the fear or ſmart,
Of his chaſtizing Rod,
Take off my fervent heart,
From praiſing my Dear God.
What ere I feel,
Still let me bring
This Offering,
And to him kneel.

10. Though I loſe friends and wealth,
And bear reproach and ſhame;
Though I loſe eaſe and health,
Still let me praiſe God's Name.

That fear and pain,
Which would destroy
My Thanks and Joy,
Do thou restrain.

11. Though humane help depart,
And flesh draw near to dust;
Let Faith keep up my heart,
To love God true and just:
And all my daies,
Let no disease
Cause me to cease
His joyful Praise.

12. Though sin would make me doubt,
And fill my Soul with fears:
Though God seem to shut out,
My daily cries and tears:
By no such frost
Of sad delayes,
Let thy sweet Praise
Be nipt and lost.

13. Away distrustful care!
I have thy Promise Lord.
To banish all Despair,
I have thy Oath and Word.
And therefore I
Shall see thy face,
And there thy grace,
Shall magnifie.

14. Though Sin and Death conſpire,
To rob thee of thy Praiſe.
Still towards thee I'll aſpire,
And thou dull hearts canſt raiſe.
Open thy Door;
And when grim Death
Shall ſtop this Breath,
I'll praiſe thee more.

15. With thy Triumphant Flock;
Then I ſhall numbered be,
Built on th' Eternal Rock,
His Glory we ſhall ſee.
The Heav'ns ſo high,
With Praiſe ſhall ring,
And all ſhall ſing
In Harmony.

16. The Sun is but a Spark,
From the Eternal Light:
Its brighteſt beams are dark,
To that moſt glorious ſight:
There the whole Chore,
With one accord,
Shall praiſe the Lord
For evermore.

11. The Complaint.

WHat mean impatient men to call it *Pain*?
That do the creatures wrath alone sustain?
But, alas! how much greater is my woe,
That must God's sharp displeasure undergo?
If a Worm's fury seemeth hard to bear,
Who dare before an angry God appear?
I thought my God had blotted out my sin;
And it no more remembred should have bin!
And wilt thou now call up what's past and gone?
And charge upon me all that I have done?
Why then, where is my Saviour? where's his blood?
Shall not thy Promises be all made good?
Where are thy tender bowels? where's that grace?
That shew'd me once thy reconciled face?
Dost thou repent? or can God changed be?
O no! it's I that falsly turn'd from thee.

Yet be not angry with me, O my God!
If thy Child cry, and plead against the Rod;
Not daring to accuse thy narrow path;
But humbly bold to deprecate thy wrath.

Is it thy pleaſure to behold my grief?
When thou canſt with a word ſend full relief?
Doſt thou delight to ſee me drencht in tears?
And overwhelm'd with doubts and horrid fears?
Wilt thou ſtand by and ſee my Soul thus ſink?
While waſting fleſh doth ſtand at the pits brink?
Shall grief and ſickneſs leave but skin and bones?
And ſhall I know no breath but ſighs and groans?
Have I no paſſions left but griefs and fears?
Are groans the only muſick for thine ears?
And have I ſenſe only to feel my woe?
And reaſon only miſery to know?
And wilt thou ſuffer ſinful unbelief,
To baniſh Joy, and keep out all Relief?
How can that gracious Lord my woe deſire?
That did ſo much to ſave me from the fire?
How can that Saviour be againſt my good,
That dy'd in love, and waſht me by his blood?
Can the ſame voice now paſs ſo ſad a doom,
That from my ſin ſo lately call'd me home?
Wilt thou now frown me down to fears & death?
That lately gav'ſt me a new life and breath?
Or can that hand that ſnatcht me from the flame,
Tear me, and caſt me back into the ſame?

Pity, my God, this ſinking trembling Soul,
And let the hand that wounds me, make me whole:
Friends would, but cannot; all their help is vain.
But thou canſt quickly give me joy for pain.
What can friends do, but make my grief their own?
And will not give me leave to die alone.

They can but add their fruitleſs tears and moans,
To joyn in a ſad conſort with my groans.
Their pity doth but make my wounds more deep:
While in compaſſion they ſtand by and weep.
Through me, thou woundeſt them: my pains are theirs:
And every tender friend a portion bears.
They can but pray for that which thou muſt give:
They ſtrive in vain if thou wilt not relieve.
O ſpare me Lord! and preſs me not too low:
Leſt I ſhould pievish and impatient grow!
Leſt I ſhould have unworthy thoughts of thee,
Forgetting what thy Love hath done for me.
Leſt blind diſtruſt get ground againſt my faith,
And I grow mindleſs what thy Promiſe ſaith.
Leſt griefs conſume the ſoul which thou haſt made,
And leſt thy Praiſes with my Comforts fade.
Leſt I thine antient Loves no more rehearſe,
But all my Thanks as a miſtake reverſe.
And leſt unruly grief ſhould make me break
Thy holy Laws, and things unſeemly ſpeak.
And leſt the Tempter ſhould advantage take,
The heav'n-built ſtructure of my Hopes to ſhake.
Leſt I be drawn with *Job* to curſe the day,
In which my Soul was marryed to Clay!
Leſt this raſh tongue thy precious Loves deny,
And in diſtreſs, ſhould call thee *Enemy*.
Break not the heart on which thou wrot'ſt thy Name,
Leſt thoſe bleſt Letters periſh with the frame.
Thy Word commands us alwaies to rejoice:
Fain I would do it, but thou ſtop'ſt my voice.

Can

Can I rejoyce, when as thine angry Dart,
Is piercing night and day my wounded heart?
Can I rejoyce and bleed? Rejoyce and die?
Can I rejoyce, when thou dost Joy deny?
Can I mix night and day? or death and life?
Or heat and cold? or quietness and strife?
Or twist the highest joy with deepest sorrow?
Dwelling near Hell to day,& Heaven to morrow?
Will joyes agree with heavy sighs and groans?
And sweetest comforts dwell with broken bones?
When I would rise and sing thy Love's renown,
Then comes another wave and strikes me down.
Brimstone and flames methinks upon me rain,
As if I were adjudg'd to *Sodom*'s pain.
O my Dear God! why dost thou me forsake?
And all my bones and heart in pieces shake?
I took thee for my only Life and Joy:
O do not now this trembling Soul destroy!

The Answer.

WEak Child! why dost thou make all this ado?
Dost thou remember whom thou speakest to?
Dost thou consider what thy passion saith?
Is this the language of a stable Faith?
Is this thy Patience, and thy Self-denyal?
Wilt thou thus shrink & shake in time of tryal?
May I not with my own do what I list?
And use my creature as to me seems best?

Am I not wise enough to use the Rod?
Wilt thou prefer thy self before thy God?
Who's fittest to be Ruler? thou or I?
Whose Wisdom's best? and whose Fidelity?
When prov'd I false unto thee? or unkind?
When didst thou seek aright, and didst not find?
Look homeward, Man; *there* dwells thine Enemy:
It is thy *Self* and *Sin*: It is not I.
The thing thou should'st complain of, is within:
Turn all thy charge against thy *Self* and *Sin*.
Sin is so bad, that it can do no better.
God cannot fail thee, and remain thy debter.
Such intimations should not pass thy tongue,
As if the Righteous God could do thee wrong.
Were Conscience but as tender as thy flesh,
And Sin as grievous to thee as the lash;
Hadst thou but lived as beseems a Saint,
I might have spar'd my Rod, and thou thy Plaint.
Canst thou suspect I am against thy good,
When I have prov'd my Love by streams of blood?
Have I not lov'd thee from Eternity?
And caus'd my only Son for thee to die?
Have I not call'd thee from a life of sin,
When thousands round about thee live therein?
Remember how I us'd thee at the first,
When in thy blood I found thee at the worst:
Who gave thee notice of thy sinful state,
Wakening thy Soul before it was too late?
Who did convince thee of the worldlings folly?
And shew thee that it's better to be holy?

Who

Who sav'd thee from the world's deceits and lies?
And wean'd thee from thy former vanities?
Who taught thee to bewail thy heavy load?
And made thee long to know and love thy God?
If thou art willing that I should be thine,
It is because at first I call'd thee *Mine*.
I offered Christ: I made thee to consent:
And in the terms of grace to rest content.
When thou wast ignorant, who did thee teach?
And made thee long a higher state to reach?
Who made thee love and chuse the scorned way?
And cleave to Christ, whatever flesh could say?
Who made thee pray? and who thy prayer heard?
And sav'd thee from the Plagues thy Conscience fear'd?
Who made thy sinful heart long to be better?
Art thou not for all this to me a debter?
That thou dost miss me, and my pleased face,
That thou dost mourn & groan, is from my grace:
Freely I did forgive thee what was past,
And all thy deadly sins behind me cast.
And yet must I be taken for thy Foe?
And all these accusations undergo?
After all this, canst thou my love suspect?
And all my comforts peevishly reject?
Dar'st thou deny my Love and Grace, as none,
Because that all the work is not yet done? (be?
Who *wrought* that grace? whose should the honour
While thou condemn'st thy self, thou wrongest me.
Watch and reform, and cheerfully obey:
For what thou wantest, wait, and strive, and pray.

Thy

Thy Love and cheerful duty I require:
'Tis not thy self-tormenting I desire.
Humbly look back: remember what thou wast:
Be not unthankful for the grace thou hast.
Deny it not, but wait at mercy's door:
Thankfulness is the way to get thee more.
If thou art weak, look up to Christ thy strength:
He'l perfect what he hath begun at length:
Is not his grace sufficient for thee still?
He'l give the rest, that freely gave the *Will*:
If thou stand still, or loyter in thy Race;
And if my Spur do bid thee, mend thy pace;
Let not the smart make thee lie down and whine,
And at the needful quickening Rod repine:
But, *Up*; Repent; cheerfully do thy best:
The day's at hand, when thou shalt have the *Rest*.

The Submission.

FAther, forgive my passion and rash words:
Yet I'le be thine: I'le own no other Lords.
Seeing thou wilt accept so frail a Worm,
That can without thee no good thing perform;
Still I'le be thine, and stand to what I said,
When I my Covenant and Resignment made.
I'le rather groan within, and suffer more,
Than laugh with them that stand without thy door.
O let thy Will attract and perfect mine!
Hereafter not My Will be done, but *Thine*.

And

And let the roughest way seem fair and even,
That hath thy presence, and doth lead to Heaven.
And as thou bidst me, *Evermore Rejoyce*,
Give me a joyful heart, and praising voice.
Suffer not sin to foil thy grace and me;
But make me such as thou wouldst have me be.
Let streams of Love flow from thy open breast:
And let me wait, and long to feel the *REST*.

---

12. The Return.

To the Tune of *Pas. Mes. Galliard*:
OR,
The common Psalm Tunes.

1. WHO was it that I left behind,
When I went last from home?
That now I all disorder'd find,
When to my self I come?

2. I thought I had the door fast lockt,
When I went last away:
And long might strangers there have knockt,
If none had found my Key.

3. When I was here the fire did burn,
That now is almost out:
Half dead with cold I sit and mourn,
Perplext with many a doubt.

4. I left it light, but now all's dark,
And I am fain to grope:
Were it not for one little ſpark,
I ſhould be out of hope.

5. The Rooms I carefully did ſweep;
But now I find all foul:
Serpents do crawl, and Vermine creep,
In my polluted Soul.

6. My Goſpel-Book I open left,
Where I the Promiſe ſaw:
But now I doubt it's loſt by theft,
I find none but the Law.

7. And when my Soul I had undreſt,
And thought ſome eaſe to find:
I found diſtreſs inſtead of reſt,
Through anguiſh of my mind.

8. For Thorns were put into my Bed,
Where I was wont to ſleep:
Grief is the pillow for my head,
On which I lie and weep.

9. And if I ſlumber, up I ſtart:
My dreams awake my fears:
The thorns have pierced head and heart;
And drawn forth more than tears.

10. The ſtormy Rain an entrance hath,
Through the uncovered top:
How ſhould I reſt when ſhowers of wrath
Upon my conſcience drop?

11. My goods I fear are gone to waſte:
The beſt I cannot find:
The reſt are in diſorder caſt:
Which yet are left behind.

12. I lock'd my Jewel in my Cheſt:
I'le ſearch leſt that be gone:
If this one Gueſt had quit my breaſt,
I had been quite undone.

13. I know it's Sin that did all this:
For nothing elſe could do it:
I'le charge upon it all I miſs,
And with the Law purſue it.

14. My treacherous fleſh hath plaid its part,
And opened Sin the Door:
And they have ſpoil'd and rob'd my heart,
And left it ſad and poor.

15. How ſhall I ſee my Landlord's face?
How ſhall I pay his Rent?
When I have thus abus'd his grace;
And have his Treaſure ſpent?

16. Yet

16. Yet have I one great truſty friend,
That will procure my Peace;
And all this loſs and ruine mend,
And purchaſe my releaſe.

17. When I the Prodigal had plaid,
And all my Portion ſpent;
He told me he my Debts had paid,
And bade me but *Repent.*

18. Yea *this* by his ſupply was done:
Whoſe Covenant bade me do it.
Becauſe I had not of my own,
So much as would ſerve to it.

19. And after this when my falſe heart,
Forgot my Deareſt Lord;
He did perform a Saviour's part,
And ſtill my Soul reſtor'd.

20. I fear'd leſt as but once he dy'd,
He would but once forgive:
But ſtill when in diſtreſs I try'd,
He did my Soul relieve.

21. Still when *He* took me by the hand,
My Father on me ſmil'd:
Oft have I broken his Command,
And yet he call'd me *Child.*

22. I know his Power: And for his *Love*,
It ſpoke by pains and blood:
Largely doth he his kindneſs prove,
And make his Promiſe good.

23. Therefore I'le never more deſpair,
Nor take my ſelf for loſt:
For he will all my loſs repair,
Though at the deareſt coſt.

24. Yea more, I have his hand to ſhew,
That when my Leaſe is out,
A Kingdom he'l on me beſtow;
He chides me if I doubt.

25. I'le truſt on him, and uſe his Name,
Whatever be my need:
And I ſhall ſcape the wrath and ſhame,
And ſhall be ſure to ſpeed.

26. And for that ſin that plaid the Thief,
I'le ſtop its poiſonous breath;
Or pine it with conſuming grief,
And famiſh it to death.

27. And I'le take heed for time to come,
Of wandering abroad,
With my beſt conſtant friend at home,
I'le ſettle mine aboad.

28. The Bellows I'le yet take in hand:
Till this ſmall ſpark ſhall flame.
Love ſhall my heart and tongue command,
To praiſe God's holy Name.

29. Once more I mean to ſweep all clean,
And caſt out filthy ſin:
And Chriſt again I'le entertain,
And wait on him within.

30. I'le mend the Roof: I'le watch the Door,
And better keep the Key:
I'le truſt my treacherous Fleſh no more,
But force it to obey.

31. I'le make a Covenant with my eyes;
My tongue ſhall know its Law:
I'le all the baits of ſin deſpiſe,
And keep my heart in awe.

32. My Bed ſhall be made ſoft by Love;
And there I'le take my reſt:
Or elſe I'le wake till I remove,
Where none dwell but the Bleſt.

33. What have I ſaid? *That I'le do this?*
That am ſo falſe and weak?
And have ſo often done amiſs,
And did my Covenants break?

22. I know his Power: And for his *Love*,
It ſpoke by pains and blood:
Largely doth he his kindneſs prove,
And make his Promiſe good.

23. Therefore I'le never more deſpair,
Nor take my ſelf for loſt:
For he will all my loſs repair,
Though at the deareſt coſt.

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That when my Leaſe is out,
A Kingdom he'l on me beſtow;
He chides me if I doubt.

25. I'le truſt on him, and uſe his Name,
Whatever be my need:
And I ſhall ſcape the wrath and ſhame,
And ſhall be ſure to ſpeed.

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32. My Bed ſhall be made ſoft by Love;
And there I'le take my reſt:
Or elſe I'le wake till I remove,
Where none dwell but the Bleſt.

33. What have I ſaid? *That I'le do this?*
That am ſo falſe and weak?
And have ſo often done amiſs,
And did my Covenants break?

34. I mean, Lord, All this shall be done,
If thou my heart wilt raise.
And as the work must be thine own;
So also shall the *Praise*.

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12. The Lamentation

Jan. 18. 166$\frac{9}{1}$.

For Sin afflicting the Sinner; especially by the grievous sufferings of Friends.

With the Relief of the Self-condemning Soul.

O *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*! O my God!
Must I feel nothing but thy smarting Rod?
Must I be daily on the rack of fears?
And have no drink to quench my thirst but tears?
Where is the Spring that feeds this bitter stream?
That stops not, either when I wake or dream?
These Worms of *Fear* and *Grief*, whose food I am,
Into the world as brethren with me came:
Youthful diversions cast them once asleep,
But Light awaken'd them to bite more deep.
Since then, I liv'd between thy Book and Rod;
And in thy School of Discipline abode:
Sometimes thy gentle twigs toucht but the skin:
Sometimes thy sharper stroaks did enter in:

Most

Most of them fell but on my outward part:
But now they pierce, they wound, they kill my *heart*.
Spare Lord! I sigh, I groan, I weep, I cry!
O spare! before I bleed, I sink, I die!
O spare the *Heart!* or wound none but mine own!
And let me sigh, and weep, and mourn alone!
It's I that sinn'd: these Sheep what have they done?
I sinn'd but with One Heart: O break but One!
Shall I that have extoll'd thy peoples Joyes,
And told men of the sweetness of thy waies;
Now by my plaints and dolor make them think,
Thou giv'st us Gall and Vinegar to drink.
Set me not as a spectacle of wrath,
To frighten commers from the holy path.

Be silent flesh! my God is Wise and Just;
Hast thou not sinned? stoop and kiss the dust.
If Passion did not blind thee, thou might'st see,
Justice is good, even when it falls on thee.
It is not causeless, if he pierce the *Heart*:
He doth but chuse the foul, the guilty part.
Had not the door been open'd first to sin,
Terrour and sorrows could not have got in:
If it have room for thoughts of *Pride* and *Lust*;
That trouble should dwell with them, is but just.
Where should the tent be put, but in the wound?
We cleanse the ulcerous part, and not the sound.
Where should *Jehovah's* battering Cannons play,
But at the Fortress where his Enemy lay?

Thence came the viperous brood; there was the root
Of all the bitter, poisonous, deadly fruit.
There God should have been entertain'd in Love.
His *Will* as *End* & *Spring* each wheel should move.
But how unkindly was he there abus'd?
His tender Love and healing Grace refus'd?
Oft have I shut the door when he hath come;
I play'd, or slept, or would not be at home.
Should God be sleighted by a stubborn Heart,
And not rebuke its folly by its smart?
I sinn'd and laugh'd; I lightly pass'd it over:
Should God do so, and not his wrath discover?

Just is the Lord: My sin hath found me out.
I find his threatenings true beyond all doubt:
What have I done! All's now to Conscience known:
Its deep remorse, tells me, *What I have done.*
What have I done! It's graven all in Stone:
This heart of flint, feels now, *What I have done.*
What have I done! my pained flesh and bone,
Cry out with anguish, *O what have I done!*
What have I done! I see, I feel, I groan!
The sad effects proclaim, *What I have done.*
What have I done! My friends distress and moan,
Cry to me night and day, *This thou hast done.*

Melt sinful heart, and spare not! welcome grief!
Away delights! I'le none of your relief.
Shew me the Wilderness, the secret Cell,
Where grief and I may still together dwell!

Where

Where Hills and Woods may eccho all my groans,
And hearers may not interrupt my moans!
Where mortal Eyes may see no more the face,
Which folly hath confounded with disgrace.
Where I may Die alive, and Live in Death;
And spend in Lamentation all my breath.
Seeing deceitful heart-tormenting sin
So cunningly is crept and woven in:
Break it in pieces, turn this *Heart* to dust;
Melt out the dross; purge out the filth and rust.

Spare not the Lance: Or if that will do good,
Drench it in tears: Stop not this brinish flood!

Jesus.

Peace troubled Soul! I'le wash it in my blood.

Woman, why weepest thou? was the first word,
After his Rising, spoken by our Lord, } John 20.
To which his Angels Preface did accord. } 13. 15.

The Relief.

Jesus.

PEace troubled Soul! It's not thy brinish flood,
Nor troubling Passions that must do thee good:
Come! freely drink, and bathe thee in this Blood.

Sinner.

What I? so vile a wretch! it cannot be!
Alas! I fear it was not shed for me!

Jesus.

Jesus.

Yea even for thee: So far 'twas shed for all,
That they may come and welcome, at my Call.

Sinner.

Alas Lord! I have trampled on thy Blood,
And thy Reproofs, and Calls of Grace withstood.

Jesus.

And yet I call thee: Take my Mercy yet:
I'le answer for thee: I have paid thy debt.

Sinner.

What mine! that have provoked thee so long?
And done thy Blood and Spirit so much wrong?

Jesus.

I dy'd for Enemies: It is my Glory,
To wash foul hearts, and blot out all their story.

Sinner.

What! one so long! so terrible! so sad!
Love one so hateful! pardon one so bad!

Jesus.

Hast thou such sins as I cannot forgive?
Or any wants which I cannot relieve?

Sinner.

I know thy Blood can wash away my guilt:
I doubt not, thou canst heal me, if thou wilt.

Jesus.

How hath my Will deserved thy suspicion,
When I have made Acceptance *the condition?*
Consent, and all is thine: My Gift is free:
The purchase is not to be made by thee.

Sinner.

Sinner.

I know what thou wilt do, shall sure be done:
But some God hates: I fear that I am one.

Jesus.

And must the Love *declar'd at such a rate,*
Be vail'd by the suspicion of Hate?
For this I came to Men from God above,
To manifest his great abundant Love:
Mark what my Doctrine, Life and Death intend:
This is their principal design and end:
Not only to reveal God's Power *and* Skill,
But chiefly his Great Mercy *and* Good Will.

Sinner.

Yet he will save none but his own Elect:
Not those that his Salvation neglect.

Jesus.

My Promise, *and* thy Duty, *thou may'st see;*
But canst not search the depth of God's Decree.
Mercy intreats thee: here it's brought unto thee:
Take it, *and* God's Decree *shall not undo thee.*
All are Elect that do not to the last
Refuse me, and my Grace behind them cast.

Sinner.

This I have done, and fear I shall do still,
Till I the measure of my sins fulfil.
Though God be Love it self, I shall have none:
I fear my Day of Grace is past and gone.
Methinks I feel, Grace doth my Soul forsake:
Thy Holy Spirit thou dost from me take.

Jesus.

Here thou art yet alive; my Grace attends thee;
And from the jaws of Death and Hell defends thee.
Satan would fain at once thy Soul devour:
What dangers dost thou walk in every hour?
Yet thou art safe, and hear'st the Preacher's voice:
Come, close with Mercy, and Heav'n will rejoyce.
Dost thou not feel my Spirit still contend?
And tell thee what it is that thou must mend?
If yet thou'lt be but willing to be mine;
I and my Benefits will sure be thine.
I seek; I knock; thou find'st I have not done:
Yet dost thou say, thy Day of Grace is gone?

Sinner.

O but I have a Heart as hard as Steel!
I see my misery, but cannot feel!

Jesus.

Fully to feel what thou deserv'st, is Hell.
What measure's best, it's I that best can tell.

Sinner.

I can scarce weep a tear for sin: This Heart
Was never melted yet by all thine Art!
Sure it's a sign my Day of Grace is gone,
When this unhumbled Heart remains a Stone.

Jesus.

Consent but to my Covenant, and be sure,
The remnant of thy Hardness I will cure.
I'le put a tender heart into thy breast:
Believe in me, and I'le forgive the rest.

It

is no Mortal Hardneſs, *if thou chuſe*
thy Covenant; and doſt not me refuſe.
Could'ſt thou but fully feel thy ſin, thou'dſt die;
None could ſuſtain ſo great a load but I.
I feel it for thee: Leave it to my care,
To wound or heal; to break, afflict or ſpare.

Sinner.

My ſin, my wants, my miſery is ſuch.
That I can never feel and grieve too much.

Jeſus.

Such breaking's good as breaks the heart of ſin:
And maketh way for Love to enter in.
But not the grief that only breaketh eaſe,
Weakning the Soul, and ſtrengthning the Diſeaſe.
Hinder not Love and Joy; but grieve in meaſure:
My Blood, and not thy Tears, muſt be thy Treaſure.

Sinner.

Indeed my pureſt ſtreams are too impure:
And cannot thy ſeverity endure.
The grief of an impatient ſelfiſh ſpirit,
Cannot thy Pardon or Acceptance merit.
But if this hardened Heart do not relent,
And ſo great ſin and miſery lament,
How canſt thou ſmile on ſuch a brazen face,
As never felt the want and worth of grace?

Jeſus.

Whence is this complaining language hear,
If neither want nor worth of grace appear?
I'le ſave thee, if but ſo far thou Repent,
As to my Goſpel-Covenant to conſent.

Wilt

Wilt thou be healed? Truly say, I will,
And trust the cure on thy Physicians skill.

Sinner.

O there's my sin and woe! though Grace be free
I cannot take thy Grace, or come to thee.
My heart is hardened; I cannot repent:
My Will's enthrall'd; I cannot consent.
This will condemn me at the dreadful day:
I may have Life, but will not when I may.

Jesus.

Art thou not willing? why then dost thou crave it?
Dost thou complain for grace, & wouldst not have it?
If thou hadst rather be ungodly still,
It seems thou speak'st all this against thy will.

Sinner.

Would not the worst of men be sav'd from Hell?
And in delight and endless pleasure dwell?
But to be *Holy* I have no desire,
But as a means to keep me from Hell fire.
When I seem to do good, or ill forbear,
It is not out of *Love*, but *slavish fear.*
All my Religion is but from *Self-love:*
I find no *pleasure* in the things above.

Jesus.

Natural Love *of* Self *is the foundation*
Which Grace builds on, and useth for Salvation.
He that loves not himself, loves not another:
It's as thy Self *that thou must love thy Brother.*
Thy own Salvation is the lawful end,
Which Grace and Nature bind thee to intend.

Why

Thy was I made man, but for man's Salvation?
I suffer'd Death to hinder thy Damnation.
These are the ends for which thou must believe:
Life through a Saviour's that thou must receive.
's Carnal Self *that wicked men do love:*
The Lawful Love *of* Self *they'l not improve.*
They all prefer sin's pleasure for a season;
Their fleshly appetite doth rule their Reason.
Me and my healing Grace they will not have;
They'l not endure that Mercy should them save.
They hate the Light that would their sin display,
And would direct them in the holy way:
Though they fear Hell, *they always fear much more*
The loss of honour, pleasure, health or store.
No fear of Hell will take their Idol down,
And make them seek first the Eternal Crown.
The Fear of God is Wisdom's true beginning:
It calls to Duty, and preserves from sinning:
God must be fear'd, as one that can destroy
The Soul, and shut it out of endless Joy.
The Fear of God's the Just man's Character:
They fear not God indeed that wicked are.
God would be fear'd as a consuming fire:
This is no sin but what he doth require.
Love may lie hidden as a covered seed;
When Fear in troubling Passion doth exceed.
If angry Parents make the Child afraid,
He feels not Love, till Passion be allaid.
Excessive Fear may hinder active Love,
And yet the mixed habit not remove:

When

When God's rebukes and frowns the Soul affright,
It may dispose his Children unto flight.
Where Love is true, some Hatred may arise,
When terrours and despair the Soul surprise.
A loving Child will not his Father own,
When through mistake or distance he's unknown.
The pleasing part of Love cannot appear,
Under prevailing Grief, and too much Fear:
Until the Soul be calm'd, and these abate,
Love is oppress, and seemeth turn'd to hate.
But doth not Love appear in thy Desire?
Would'st thou not Love God more? & fain get higher?
Would it not please thee more if thou couldst find
His Image clearly printed on thy mind,
His Love and Spirit dwelling in thy heart,
Then of this World to have the choicest part?
Wouldst thou not have a heart that can Repent,
And hate sin more, and tenderly relent?
A heart more fit to Meditate and Pray?
And walk exactly, and God's Laws obey?
A clearer Light, which may God's mind reveal?
More life and feeling? greater heat of Zeal?
A stronger Faith to live on things above,
Where endless Praise shall be the breath of Love?

Sinner.

Whether I should desire these I doubt,
If possibly I could be sav'd without.

Jesus.

What's Grace for, but to bring thee to Salvation?
To heal thy Soul, and keep thee from Damnation?

Wilt

Wilt thou its Nature and its Use destroy,
And then conceit thou dost it not enjoy?
Think on't, as that which doth Salvation bring,
Or else thou mak'st it quite another thing.
Grace were not Grace if it did not intend
Thy Happiness and Glory as its End.
The means is nullifi'd by separation
From the just End to which it hath relation.
What do men trade for but their lawful wealth?
And what is Food and Physick for but Health?
Look not on Grace in one divided notion:
But the concordant perfect frame and motion:
Take not one single part, but view the whole,
As it's the Health and Beauty of the Soul;
The Life, the Strength, the Glory, the Delight,
And that which makes it lovely in God's sight;
The honour, safety, gain, and true content;
And that which must the pains of Hell prevent:
Take these as undivided; all in one;
And view not one disjoynted part alone:
If all together seem a choicer treasure
Than worldly gain, and sinful fading pleasure,
And turn the scales in thy deliberation;
Then doubt not of thy Title to Salvation.

But dost thou not desire that God would love thee?
And make thee just and lovely, and approve thee?
Would'st thou not see his face in Glorious Light,
And there sing Allelujah's *in his sight?*

And love him perfectly world without end,
More dearly than thou lov'st thy dearest friend?
Where thou shalt be replenished with joy,
And no disturbance shall thy Soul annoy?
Where no temptation, sin or grief shall come:
Where my own Love and Joy shall be thy home,
Abiding with the Host of Heav'n alwaies,
In the sweet Musick of Jehovah's *Praise.*
This Glorious Life with God, thou must love best:
Yet as thy own Felicity and Rest:
In Union and Fruition of a Friend,
Not one, but both the Lovers are the End.
And hast thou no Desire or Will to this?
Would'st thou not live with God in endless bliss?

Sinner.

Some cold Desires of Heav'n the worst may have:
But dreaming lazy Wishes will not save.

Jesus.

Judge by these three for ending all the strife:
Thy Estimation, Choice, *and* Bent *of* Life.
These fleshly pleasures stand in competition:
Know which thou Chusest *as thy best Condition.*
If thou the Everlasting sure Reward,
More than sins fading pleasures dost regard;
If GOD *and thy Salvation be the part,*
Whose Interest stands highest in thy Heart;
If thus his Kingdom thou first seek and crave;
Both it, and all things needful thou shalt have.

Sinner.

Sinner.

I fear I do not these thy terms fulfil;
And have not truly a Consenting Will:
Because so great averseness I still find,
To God and Holiness upon my mind;
Such deadness to Believe, Love, and Repent,
That there seems more of Hatred than Consent.
Necessity and Reason use a force
Against my Will and Nature's bent and sourse.

Jesus.

No man can conquer and obtain Salvation,
But by resisting carnal inclination.
Fleshly desires run with speedy course,
And need not Faith's or Reason's help and force.
Earthward you sink propensly as a clod;
But not so easily ascend to God.
One motion's downward; th'other's all uphill;
Against the byas of the carnal will.
Too much of flesh remaineth in the best:
Some enmity to good sticks in their breast:
Something of Hatred, *even to God and Grace,*
Contends with Love, *and troubleth your race.*
In the most mortified, the flesh yet liveth,
And constantly against the Spirit striveth:
You cannot hear, read, meditate, or pray,
Or any thing that's good, think, do, or say;
But Flesh makes war, and stifly doth resist,
And would prevail, did not my Grace assist.

Conflict and Conquest of this in-bred Foe,
Must be the way of all the good you do.
The Question is not, Whether Flesh do strive?
But, Whether after Flesh or Spirit you live?
It is not opposition that will prove
That thou art void of Faith, or Hope, or Love.
The Law that's in thy Members will still find
Weapons against the Law that's in thy Mind:
The Flesh will so rebel, and put thee to it,
That when thou wouldst do good, thou canst not do it.
There's in one breast a twofold Will and Heart,
Acting each of them a contrary part:
There is a Will to Good, and Will to evil:
One's Rul'd by God, the other by the Devil.
A Will to read, and pray, and meditate;
A Will that doth all this oppose and hate.
Do not now stand and whine, nor yield, nor flie;
But use thy weapons: thou must fight or die.
Now live by Faith: Be glad thou hast a Christ,
Whose Spirit fortifies thee to resist:
Making the greatest things thy chiefest scope;
Keeping alive a secret spark of Hope;
Which will not only strive, but overcome;
And through all Foes will safely bring thee home.

Sinner.

But how can I find favour in thy sight,
That have sinn'd wilfully even in the Light?

Jesus.

Jesus.

Though they that wholly to the last reject
My Sacrifice, no other can expect;
All kind of sin is pardon'd by my Merit,
Save the grand blasphemy against the Spirit.

Sinner.

Alas! this is the thing that I fear most,
Lest I have thus blasphem'd the Holy Ghost!

Jesus.

No man that fears, or thinks he hath this sin,
Hath ever truly guilty of it been.
For they deny me all to be the Lord,
Think it no sin to violate my Word.
They set themselves against me with despight,
And justifie the sin which they commit.

Sinner.

But wilt thou take *this*, Lord, for *true Consent*,
From a hard heart that can no more relent?
From one that loveth thee no more than I?
That is constrained by Necessity?
And while he thus subscribeth to thy Will,
Knowingly crosseth it, and sinneth still?

Jesus.

If thou Consent, *it's* Good *that doth thee move:*
And to Consent *to* Good, *is truly* Love.

Believe *if thou would'ſt* Love: *And in my face,*
Behold the Fulneſs of God's Love *and* Grace.
If His *abounding* Love *thou didſt but know,*
Thy heart with Love *to him would overflow.*
Love *kindleth* Love; *but* Faith *muſt hold the Glaſs!*
This ſight would win thy heart before thou paſs.
He that will Love God, muſt not think him Evil;
Nor paint him in his fancy like the Devil.
Satan will make thee fly from God with hate,
If he can make thee throughly deſperate.
Think'ſt thou to find thy Love, *before by Faith*
Thou'lt come to Me? and hear what Mercy ſaith?
Thou may'ſt as wiſely ſearch for marks to prove
Thou loveſt God, before thou wilt him love.
Believe, Conſent, Give up Thy Self to Me;
And I will give my Self and Spirit to thee;
I will inable thee to do the reſt;
And take the ſtony heart out of thy breaſt:
I'le put God's Fear and Love into thy heart,
That thou may'ſt never more from him depart.
I'le quench the flames of thy corrupt deſire,
And ſave thee from God's wrath, and from Hell fire.

Sinner.

And wilt thou pardon all the crimſon ſin,
Of which my wilful heart hath guilty been?

Jeſus.

Have I not told thee I will pardon all?
Haſt thou ſinn'd more than raging bloody Saul?

Or

Or than Manasseh's *long and matchless flood*
Of Witchcraft, Rage, Idolatry and Blood?
That yet was pardon'd when he did return,
And in his Prison-Irons pray and mourn.
Trust Me, Subscribe My Covenant and be Mine,
And I and All My Benefits are Thine.

Sinner.

O wondrous Love! where this is kindly felt,
The heart must needs with Love & Sorrow melt!
Wilt thou accept so vile a wretch as I?
I'le cast my self upon thee, live or die.
My Soul and Body here to Thee I tender: ✳
All that I called Mine, I Here Surrender.
To this Consent here I subscribe my Hand,
Whatever Changes come, to this I stand:
Not by my strength: I trust on Thee, My Lord!
That for performance, thou wilt Grace afford.

January 26. 166$\frac{6}{7}$.

13. Upon the sight of

Mr. VINES

His Posthumous

TREATISE

OF THE

SACRAMENT,

October 18. 1656.

Who Dyed a little before.

WHile thou grew'st here, thy fruit made glad
The hearts that sin and death made sad:
Lest we should surfeit of thy fruit,
Thy Life retired to the Root.
Desiring with us first to keep,
A Passover before thy sleep *;

* He dyed suddenly on the Lord's Day at night, after he had Preacht and Administred the Sacrament.

Weary

Weary of Earth, thou took'ſt thine Eaſe,
Paſſing into the Land of Peace:
The threatned Evil we fore-ſee,
But hope to hide our ſelves with Thee.
Though thou art gone, while we muſt fight,
We'l call it *Victory*, not *Flight*.
When God hath taken up this VINE,
We thought no more to taſte its Wine,
Till in the Land of *Salem*'s King,
We drink it new, even from the Spring:
But unexpectedly we find,
Some Cluſters which are left behind:
This Mantle from thy Chariot fell;
We know it by the pleaſant ſmell:
Who knows but from this little ſeed,
Some more ſuch fruitful *Vines* may breed?
The *Tree of Death* bears precious Fruit,
Though in the Earth it have no Root.

Dear Brother! thou art gone before,
And I a wretch wait at the door!
Sin doth not only keep me thence,
But makes me loth to go from hence:
When Chriſt hath heal'd me of this ſin,
And made me fit; he'l let me in:
Till then, may I but in a Glaſs,
See what you ſee with open face;
Sure it will raiſe my heavy Soul,
And theſe diſtruſtful fears controul!

And

And make me willing to be gone,
As knowing *Whither*, and to *Whom*:
If Time be *Nothing*, as ſome ſay,
You that were with us yeſterday,
Are with us ſtill; or we with you;
Which is the better of the two.
The Soul imbodied in thoſe lines,
Doth make us ſay, that, This is VINES:
And if our hearts with you could be;
Our Lord would ſay, that there are we.
But as acccording to deſert,
The Heavens have got thy better part;
And left us but ſome of the Wine,
Whil'ſt they have taken up the *Vine*:
So we look up, and wait, and pray,
And yet ſtill feel, we live in Clay.
Here we are keeping ſin's account,
While ſome ſmall ſparks do upward mount,
Crying [*How long, Holy and True!*]
Till we are taken up to you.
Thus alſo we muſt follow LOVE*,
To find our HEAD and LIFE above.

* Mr. *Anthony Burgeſſe* was Miniſter at *Lawrence* Church: Mr. *Love* ſucceeded him, and was beheaded by the Remnant of the Long Parliament, which cut off the King, for ſending Money to ſome about the preſent King. Mr. *Vines* ſucceeded him.

He that is made by the New-Birth,
A BURGESS of the Church on Earth,

And

And then by Faith can rise so high,
In Divine LOVE to Live and Die,
Shall be translated to your soil,
Remov'd from sin, and fear, and toil;
And from this House of Worms and Moles,
Unto that Element of Souls.
Where every Branch becomes a VINE;
And where these Clods like Stars will shine:
God is not there known by the Book:
You need not there the Pruning Hook:
There you have Wine without the Press;
And God his Praise without Distress.
There we shall find our Eyes and Sight,
When we come to our Head and Light.
The Kernel is where you now dwell,
And we here strive about the Shell:
You have the Reconciling Light,
Who are past Faith, and live by Sight:
No wonder then if you are One,
When Peace from Earth is almost gone:
We croud about a little Spark,
Learnedly striving in the Dark;
Never so bold as when most Blind;
Run fastest when the Truth's behind.
No Heresies with you are sown:
There's not a Truth but all will own:
A mixture we get here by rote;
And Errour keeps the *major* Vote.

There Pride and Faction cannot enter.
There's no Diviſion in the Center.
The Saints there play not Satan's part;
They uſe not any Carnal Art,
Their Righteous Brethren to Defame;
And by untruths to blot their Name.
There you are Comely, and not Black:
Each One hath All, yet None do lack.
What ſin or ſmart can you befall,
Where SELF's put off, and God is *All.*

Look up and ſee, now VINES is gone;
Are not the Stars the more by *One*?
No: but *One* fewer in our ſight;
For we have forfeited his Light.
And ſuch an *One*, as all do miſs,
Save thoſe whoſe pleaſure darkneſs is.
And who can Number Stars above;
When Saints ſo faſt to Heav'n remove?
If but three ſuch in all our times,
As USHER, GATAKER and VINES,
Were taken hence by fatal ſleep;
Three Nations ſhould conſent to weep.
And if an Age this loſs repair;
The Church will think it very fair.

They

They ſhine in Glory now to God,
Who ſhin'd and burn'd here to a Clod.
May ſuch a ſinful Worm as I,
Aſpire and aſcend ſo high!
That Kingdom's mine in Hope and Right,
Which you poſſeſs by Love and Sight.
That God, that Chriſt hath loved me,
Whoſe Glory bleſſed VINES doth ſee:
We were both waſhed in one ſtream:
And both enlightned by one beam:
One Garment alſo did us cloath:
At once One Pulpit held us both *;

* Thoſe that ſaw me ſtand in his Pulpit at *Lawrence* Church between his Leggs, when I Preacht for him, becauſe he could get no other Room in the Church, underſtand this.

Much more One Church: for we agreed,
Both in One Method, and one Creed.
One Evil we did both condole †,
As animated by One Soul:

† See his Letter in the end of my Confeſſion.

Methinks where thou art, I ſhould be;
Although the loweſt in degree.
Though thou art gone, and I am here;
Yet is my Paſſing-hour near:

Time

Time is at work both Night and Day,
Even when it ſeemeth to delay:
My Grave and Coffin are at hand:
My Glaſs hath but a little Sand:
Now I am writing; and anon
They'l alſo ſay of me, He's gone.
Then I ſhall ſee the ſhining face,
Which is the Glory of your Place.
But leſt in vain I hope and run,
Lord perfect what thou haſt begun!

14. A Dialogue between Death and the Believer.

A Ruſtick Song, ſet to a pleaſant Tune.

Death.

COme with me poor Mortal,
Quickly come away:
My Name is Dreadful Death.
Through this narrow Portal.
Come without delay;
For here I'le ſtop thy Breath.
Preſently my Dart
Shall pierce thee to the Heart,
And away thy Life I'le have:
It is in vain to fly,
Or any Friend to try:
For there's none that can thee ſave.

Believer.

1. Welcome friendly Death;
What canſt thou do to me,
That I have cauſe to fear?
Though thou ſhalt ſtop my breath,
Yet I in Life ſhall be,
When thou ſhalt not be there.

And

And though the Gate be ſtreight,
It leads unto that height,
Where I ſhall defie thy Dart:
Willingly I yield,
As armed by that Shield,
That will ſave my nobler part.

Death.

Come away frail Man,
And open now thy Breaſt,
And take thy mortal wound:
Let Friends do what they can,
And Phyſick do its beſt,
They'l all too weak be found.
Lay now aſide thy mirth,
And turn unto thy Earth:
I will give thee the fatal blow:
It is in vain to wiſh;
Thou canſt not ſave thy Fleſh:
For my Power thou ſhalt know.

Believer.

4. Readily I come,
As being not the firſt,
That hath paſt through thy door:
Thou ſhalt but help me home,
When thou haſt done thy worſt;
And thou ſhalt be no more:

By

By drawing out my blood,
Thou ſhalt but do me good;
And eaſe me of my grief:
And though thou look ſo grim,
Thou ſhalt bring me to him,
That will give me full relief.

Death.

5. *Thy Fleſh I'le turn to Clay,*
And all thy Bones to Duſt;
And leave thee in the Grave.
Make no longer ſtay,
For come away thou muſt;
It is in vain to crave:
Cloathed from head to feet,
But with a Winding-ſheet,
My Priſoner thou ſhalt be;
Bearing my loathſom Mark,
Thou ſhalt lie in the dark,
And the face of no man ſee.

Believer.

6. Thou ſhalt but dig the ground,
Where God his Seed will ſow,
And raiſe it at the Spring:
And there I ſhall be found,
And Chriſt his own will know,
And unto Glory bring:

When here I ceaſe to live,
A better Life he'l give,
Which thou ſhalt not deſtroy:
And though *This* Life thou ſpill,
My Soul thou canſt not kill,
Nor again with fears annoy.

7. When thou put'ſt out thine Eyes,
I ſhall receive my ſight:
My Day will all be Noon:
Above the ſpangled Skies,
Where never ſhall be Night,
Nor need of Sun or Moon:
The Grave alſo ſhall keep
My Duſt in quiet Sleep,
Till the Coming of my Lord:
That Fleſh ſhall ſhine with God,
That now is but a Clod;
And muſt lie as a thing abhorr'd.

Death.

8. *Thy merry Daies are gone;*
Thou ſhalt no longer ſtay:
Thy Life ſhall end in pain:
Thy Time and work is done,
And all thy Sport and Play;
And never ſhall come again.
Here take thy leave of Health,
And of thy Goods and Wealth;

And

And of every pleasant Friend:
Bid farewel to them all,
For here thy Corps shall fall;
And the World to thee shall end.

Believer.

9. Boast not, O conquered Foe:
For thou could'st have no strength,
But what comes from my sin:
My Lord will overthrow
Thy Power at the length;
And will thy Prisoners win:
Thou could'st not keep my head,
When he lay in thy Bed;
But he rose, and now doth Reign:
He'l take away thy sting,
And endless Life will bring,
And with him shall I remain.

10. How oft have I undrest me,
And laid my Garments by,
And dyed till the next day?
I do but go to rest me,
And shall rise speedily;
My Lord will not delay.
When thou hast broke this shell,
My Soul with Christ shall dwell,
And with Saints and Angels bright.
This World is but the Womb,
From which my Soul must come,
Into the Eternal Light.

11. And what though Death be painful?
The pain is quickly paſt;
My Soul ſhall ſoon be freed:
My Lord ſhall make it gainful:
The gain ſhall ever laſt;
And Joy ſhall Grief ſucceed.
And though the Place ſeem ſtrange,
And Nature fear a change;
Yet I with Chriſt ſhall be.
And when with him I dwell,
I know I ſhall be well,
And his glorious Light ſhall ſee.

12. Thou ſhalt but kill my ſin,
And crown my painful Race,
And end my Griet and Fear:
Thou ſhalt but let me in
To ſee the bleſſed face
Of my Redeemer dear.
And is it any loſs
To follow with my Croſs,
Till I attain the Crown?
It's he that truly dyes,
That Mercy doth deſpiſe,
And at laſt God will diſown.

13. I knew that from my Birth
I was a mortal man:
My frailty is confeſt.
I knew my Fleſh was Earth;
My Life was but a ſpan.
And here is not my Reſt.

If

If thou canſt ſay no more,
All this I knew before,
And yet thy threats defie.
Have I long ſought in pain,
And would I not obtain,
Joyful Eternity?

14. O feeble thing!
How canſt thou conquer Chriſt,
And make his Promiſe void?
Firſt overcome my King,
And his Command reſiſt,
By whom thou art employ'd:
Firſt win the World above,
And conquer endleſs Love;
And then I'le be thy ſlave:
Kill an immortal Soul,
And we will all condole,
And fear a darkſome grave.

15. It's Chriſt that doth thee ſend,
To bring about his end;
And him thou muſt obey.
He is my deareſt Friend,
And doth no harm intend,
In calling me away.
And why ſhould he fear ill,
Whom Love it ſelf doth kill?
And numbreth with the Bleſt?

Why ſhould not Death fulfil,
His good All-ruling WILL,
My SPRING, my GUIDE, my REST.

Hoc migraturus ſcripſi ſub imagine Carmen.

FArewel vain World: As thou haſt been to me
Duſt and a ſhadow, ſuch I leave to thee.
The unſeen *Life* and *Subſtance* I commit
To him that's *Subſtance, Life, Light, Love to it.*
Some *Leaves* and *Fruit* are dropt for ſoil & ſeed;
Heaven's Heirs to generate; to heal and feed:
Them alſo thou wilt flatter and moleſt,
But ſhalt not keep from Everlaſting Reſt.

Vel,

Munde doloſe vale: mihi vera paleſtra fuiſti:
Perficitur Curſus; certa corona manet.
Vita fugax ceſſat: Præſtant æterna caducis:
Mens ſuperos viſit: Pulvere pulvis erit.
Excipe Chriſte tuum: Tibi vixi: Errata remitte;
Spe tibi commiſſum perfice Chriſte tuum.
Tu mortis mors es: Vitæ tu vita perennis.
Gloria noſtra Tua eſt Gloria, Lumen, Amor.
Non loca, non cœtus, non hinc ſperata videntur,
Optimus, Omnividens, Maximus *illa videt.*

The

THE Englifh Verſes written on a fair Marble over the Grave where my Wife and her Mother are buried, in the upper end of *Chriſt's-Church* Chancel (broken and loſt by the fall of the Church when burnt) were theſe.

Thus muſt thy Fleſh to ſilent Duſt deſcend.
Thy mirth and worldly pleaſure thus will end:
Then happy holy Souls: but woe to thoſe,
Who Heav'n forgot, and earthly pleaſures choſe.
Hear now this Preaching Grave: without delay,
Believe, Repent, and work while it is day.

FINIS.

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